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Mr. Abraham Cowley

# ABRAHAM COWLEY

Poetry & Prose

With  
THOMAS SPRAT'S LIFE  
and Observations by  
DRYDEN, ADDISON, JOHNSON  
and others

---

With an Introduction and Notes by  
L. C. MARTIN

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## INTRODUCTION

Since Time does all things change, thou think'st not fit  
This latter *Age* should see *all New but Wit*.  
Thy *Fancy* like a *Flame* its way does make,  
And leave bright *Tracks* for following Pens to take.

COWLEY wrote these lines in praise of Davenant's *Gondibert*; but no words could better summarize the contemporary response to Cowley's own writings. Three centuries have gone by and it is plain enough that his early admirers had good reason to think well of him. He has his own modest but assured place among our classics. But we do not rightly appreciate him unless we recognize how much he did to bring a sense of new life into the literature of his day, how brilliantly his flame shone out, and how alluring were the tracks he opened or improved for the advantage of 'following Pens'. He was always ready to turn his hand to some new enterprise. He entered nearly all the fields. And because almost everything he wrote had about it some flavour of classical precedent or authority he seemed to offer guidance which was not only spirited but safe. He died at forty-nine in 1667. It was the year of *Paradise Lost*, but Cowley had already shown how English epic poetry could be written; and his various services were now to be suitably acknowledged. John Evelyn saw his body 'conveyed to Westminster Abbey in a hearse with six horses and all funeral decency, near one hundred coaches of noblemen and persons of quality following, among them all the wits of the town, divers bishops and clergymen'. A similar entry in the *London Gazette* the next day describes him as one who had been 'the great ornament of our nation, as well by the candour of his life as the excellency of his writings'. He was buried near Chaucer and Spenser, and his monument equates him with Pindar, Horace, and Virgil. Thomas Sprat's *Account* of him, prefixed to all the numerous

folio editions of the *Works* and included almost in full in the present volume, gives with fair accuracy an outline of his life and explains how well all these laurels had been earned.

The first rather careless raptures were soon modified, but Cowley remained in high esteem. Seventy years after his death it suited the argument of Pope's *Epistle to Augustus* to ask 'Who now reads Cowley?' and to suggest that much of his work was forgotten. But the reference to Cowley there is a little ambiguous and probably gives us Pope's real opinion less exactly than his remark recorded by Spence, that 'Cowley is a fine poet, in spite of all his faults'. The average Augustan attitude was one of qualified but convinced approval. The qualifications were nearly always to the same effect: Cowley was too clever, too ingenious; his wit and fancy ran away with him; *nesciit quod bene cessit relinquere*. But that point once made, the stream of praise flowed on. Addison apologizes for finding blemishes in one who had 'as much true wit as any Author that ever writ; and indeed all other Talents of an extraordinary Genius'. And long after Addison and Pope the superlative strain is resumed by Johnson: 'The Chronicle is a composition unrivalled and alone'; the elegy on Crashaw 'contains beauties which common authors may justly think not only above their attainment but above their ambition'. Johnson does indeed take occasion in his *Life of Cowley* to illustrate from him and others the extravagances of the metaphysical poets; but his remarks are not all to their disadvantage, and when all is said Cowley was 'undoubtedly the best' of them.

In the nineteenth century most readers of poetry were content to leave Cowley's rather severely alone. In their view he had not only too much Fancy but too little Imagination, a weightier indictment. But he had not lost all his original brightness. There might be few to admire his pointed wit, his epic or Pindaric Art, but there was continued and even growing regard for Cowley the meditative



Horatian philosopher, the lover of gardens and rusticity. This side of his character had endeared him earlier to Cowper and other votaries of nature and solitude, and it gained for his *Essays* many later readers who thought most of his poetry frigid, stilted, and trivial. Indeed, no one has ever quarrelled with the *Essays*, in which, as Johnson says, 'nothing is far sought, or hard laboured; but all is easy without feebleness, and familiar without grossness'. And it was a true enough saying of Johnson's contemporary, Hurd, that 'the Sieur de Montagne and Mr. Cowley are our two great models of essay-writing'.

Cowley has profited by the change of taste which has brought the metaphysical poets back into favour. But 'metaphysical' in that connexion does not now mean exactly what it meant to Dryden and Johnson. The connotation is more extensive and more honourable. Herbert, Vaughan, Marvell, and others have been admitted to the company, each with some peculiar gift of insight, some special grace or power of utterance denied to Cowley. On his own plane he can show all their audacity and resource, the same command of paradox, hyperbole, and arresting contrast; and he can serve to support the argument that poetry and wit do not necessarily cancel each other out. He has his place in the family of metaphysical poets, but his claims upon our attention do not rest on that relationship.

His contemporaries valued him not least for his versatility. He divined and supplied what they more or less consciously wanted. In lyrical poetry he could present not only the frisks and turns of metaphysical wit but the elegances and restraints of the classical Jonsonian manner. When others were feeling out for something grander and bolder in the same province he produced the *Pindaric Odes*. And to show that England could realize the dream which haunted Europe, of a modern epic, classical in temper and design but shedding all pagan superstition and based on scriptural truth, he

provided the  *Davideis* , 'a better instance and beginning of a Divine poem', it seemed to Thomas Sprat, 'than I ever yet saw in any language'.

We may question some of the things which were first said about him but not his impact on the minds of other poets:

And yonder all before us lye  
Desarts of vast Eternity. (MARVELL)

High in front advanc't,  
The brandisht Sword of God before them blaz'd  
Fierce as a Comet. (MILTON)

Where'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade;  
Trees, where you sit, shall crowd into a shade.  
(POPE)

He can't be wrong whose life is in the right.  
(POPE)

In all diffidence Cowley might well have asked 'Who fished the murex up?' having written

And all beyond is vast *Eternity*.

I see the *Sword* of God brandisht above;  
And from it streams a dismal ray.

Where ere you walk'd trees were as reverend made  
As when of old *Gods* dwelt in every shade.

His *Faith* perhaps in some nice Tenents might  
Be wrong; his *Life*, I'm sure, was *in the right*.

And although Cowley's poetry was not always to the taste of his Augustan readers, no one of his time had a better grasp of the principles which made Augustan literature what it was. This appears most clearly from his Ode, 'Of Wit', to which Pope was indebted in his *Essay on Criticism*.

Cowper lamented that Cowley's wit was 'entangled in the cobwebs of the schools', and there is the trail of scholastic speculation in much of his thought and imagery. But there was no real entanglement. He enjoyed playing with his

medieval legacy, and also sweeping it away. Its deeper implications left him largely untouched. Orthodox and sincere in his acceptance of the central Anglo-Catholic traditions he was essentially modern in his philosophical outlook, turning his face from the darkness of superstition and welcoming the great Enlightenment. Hobbes is the 'great *Columbus* of the *golden Lands* of *new Philosophies*'. Davenant's *Gondibert* is praised because in it '*Men and Manners*' have taken the place of '*Gods, Devils, Nymphs, Witches, and Gyants*', and heroic poetry no longer looks 'like some fantastick *Fairy Land*'. The next step might be to disparage poetry itself; and Cowley takes this step in his 'Ode to the Royal Society'. Moved to Pindaric rapture by the opening vistas of scientific progress he begins to deprecate the 'sports of wanton Wit' and the innutritious 'Desserts of Poetry', and he stresses the inferiority of 'painted Scenes, and Pageants of the Brain' to the true riches to be drawn from 'Nature's endless Treasury', without appearing to realize how much he was slighting his own profession or how he was helping to create an atmosphere in which poetry might seem to be no more than an elegant way of saying things. But it is part of Cowley's charm that he generally does not ask us to take his poetry, not even a Pindaric Ode, too seriously.

For the reader of to-day the attraction of Cowley's writings lies not chiefly in their manifest historical importance, or even in the accomplishment of particular pieces and passages, but in the spirit which informs and irradiates the whole. Some will be more drawn by his human sympathy and 'the language of his heart', others by his brilliant intelligence and the variety of the uses he found for it. We can see him still as his friends saw him, a man of many capacities and many moods: quiet and enthusiastic, imaginative and rational, critical and benevolent, ambitious and modest. Like others of his time he could live 'in divided and distinguished worlds', enjoying their several benefits and not too

careful of his own consistency. Yet he valued balance, too, and harmony. He liked to think of the artist reconciling contrarieties, bringing order out of chaos, making 'all things agree'. Among his unfulfilled intentions was that of writing on 'the original Principles of the Primitive Church' with a view to the diminution of controversy. In politics he was no extremist. He did not succeed in harmonizing all his diversities of aim and interest or draw them into a systematic philosophy, but if he had he might not have attained to a wiser self-knowledge or a more discriminating awareness of human values.

It is not difficult to see the reflection of his mind in his art, of his modesty and good sense in his unaffected diction, of his respect for balance in his care for rhythm, a care perhaps most obviously at work in his management of the heroic couplet. 'The man', Coleridge remarked, 'that hath not music in his soul can never be a genuine poet.' Cowley had gone farther and said that sometimes 'the Musick of *Numbers*' makes an excellent poet, 'almost without any thing else'. It certainly took Cowley a good way in that direction and it went far towards making him an excellent prose-writer as well. It is unobtrusive in the *Essays* but contributes much to their persuasiveness.

The *Essays* have been rightly and at all times honoured. But when Cowley asked himself

What shall I do to be for ever known ?

he was not thinking of essays and had written none. His mind was on higher things, on the example of Aristotle, Cicero, and Virgil:

Tell me, ye mighty *Three*, what shall I do  
To be like one of you.

He would have been gratified to see the classical names inscribed on his monument, and doubtless to hear it said that the three English poets most approved of by Milton

were Spenser, Shakespeare, and Cowley.<sup>1</sup> But he would have been surprised that he should ever come to be more known, or more valued, as an essayist than as a poet. It is an odd fact that although the *Essays* have been reprinted several times during the last seventy-five years with a due amount of editorial comment, there has been virtually no annotation of the poetry since that which was supplied for the *Pindaric Odes* and  *Davideis* by Cowley himself. There are signs that his poetry is regaining some of the ground it had lost so noticeably two hundred years after his death. But whatever we think of his performances in either poetry or prose he has one distinction which cannot be taken from him: that of having had one of the most active and original minds of a century remarkable for the resilience of its thought and the variety of its literature.

<sup>1</sup> T. Newton, *Life of Milton*, p. lxxx.



## COWLEY'S LIFE

- 1618. Born in London.
- ?1628-36. At Westminster School.
- 1633. *Poetical Blossomes* (second edition, with *Sylva*, 1636).
- 1636-43. At Trinity College, Cambridge (B.A. 1639; M.A. 1643).
- 1638. *Love's Riddle* and *Naufragium Joculare* (plays).
- 1643. *The Puritan and the Papist* (satire).
- 1643-4. At Oxford.
- 1644-54. Abroad, in the service of Lord Jermyn, secretary to Queen Henrietta Maria. Chiefly in Paris.
- 1647. *The Mistress*.
- 1650. *The Guardian* (revised as *Cutter of Coleman-Street*, 1663).
- 1655. Arrested in London; released the same year.
- 1656. *Poems* (comprising *Miscellanies*, *The Mistress*, *Pindarique Odes*, and *Davideis*).
- 1657. Incorporated at Oxford as Doctor of Physic.
- 1659-60. Again in France.
- 1661-7. Held Fellowship at Trinity College, Cambridge.
- 1661. *A Proposition for the Advancement of Experimental Philosophy, and A Vision*.
- 1662. *A. Couleii Plantarum Libri duo*.
- 1663. *Verses lately written upon several occasions*. At Barn Elms, near Putney.
- 1665. Moved to Chertsey.
- 1667. Died; buried in Westminster Abbey.
- 1668. *The Works of Mr Abraham Cowley* (edited by Thomas Sprat, with biography).
- 1679. *A Poem on the late Civil War*.
- 1681. *The Second Part of the Works*.
- 1689. *The Second and Third Parts of the Works*.

## WORKS OF REFERENCE

### EDITIONS

*The Complete Works in Verse and Prose of Abraham Cowley*, ed. A. B. Grosart, 2 vols., 1881.

*Cowley's Prose Works*, ed. J. R. Lumby, 1887.

*The English Writings of Abraham Cowley*, ed. A. R. Waller, 2 vols., 1905-6.

*Abraham Cowley: Essays and other Prose Writings*, ed. A. B. Gough, 1915.

*The Mistress with other Select Poems*, ed. John Sparrow, 1926.

### STUDIES

Jean Loiseau: *Abraham Cowley, sa vie, son œuvre*. Paris, 1931.

A. H. Nethercot: *Abraham Cowley, the Muse's Hannibal*. Oxford, 1931.

Ruth Wallerstein: 'Cowley as a Man of Letters'. *Transactions of the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts, and Letters*, xxvii, pp. 127-40. 1932.

For a fuller list see Douglas Bush, *English Literature in the Earlier Seventeenth Century* (*Oxford History of English Literature*), 1945.

### NOTE ON THE TEXT

The present text is based mainly on the first edition of the *Works* published in 1668 (there are two other editions bearing the same date). Readings in the edition of *Poems* (1656), which was prepared by Cowley himself, have occasionally been adopted.



An Account of the  
L I F E  
A N D  
W R I T I N G S  
O F  
M<sup>r</sup> ABRAHAM COWLEY.  
Written to  
M<sup>r</sup> M. CLIFFORD.

SIR,

MR. Cowley in his Will recommended to my care the revising of all his Works that were formerly printed, and the collecting of those Papers which he had design'd for the Press. And he did it with this particular Obligation, *That I should be sure to let nothing pass, that might seem the least offence to Religion, or good Manners.* A Caution which you will judge to have been altogether needless. For certainly, in all Ancient or Modern Times, there can scarce any Authour be found, that has handled so many different 10 Matters in such various sorts of Style, who less wants the correction of his Friends, or has less reason to fear the severity of Strangers.

According to his desire and his own intention, I have now set forth his Latin and English Writings, each in a Volume apart; and to that which was before extant in both Languages, I have added all that I could find in his Closet, which he had brought to any manner of perfection. I have thus, Sir, performed the Will of the Dead. But I doubt I shall not

satisfie the expectation of the Living, unless some Account be here premis'd concerning this excellent Man. I know very well, that he has given the World the best Image of his own mind in these immortal Monuments of his Wit. Yet there is still room enough left, for one of his familiar acquaintance to say many things of his Poems, and chiefly of his life, that may serve for the information of his Readers, if not for the encrease of his Fame; which without any such helps, is already sufficiently establish'd.

- 10 Mr. *A. Cowley* was born in the City of *London* in the Year One thousand six hundred and eighteen. His Parents were Citizens of a virtuous life and sufficient Estate; and so the condition of his Fortune was equal to the temper of his mind, which was always content with moderate things. The first years of his youth were spent in *Westminster* School, where he soon obtain'd and increas'd the noble Genius peculiar to that place. The occasion of his first inclination to Poetry, was his casual lighting on *Spencer's Fairy Queen*, when he was but just able to read. That indeed is a Poem  
20 fitter for the examination of men, than the consideration of a Child. But in him it met with a Fancy, whose strength was not to be judged by the number of his years.

In the thirteenth year of his age there came forth a little Book under his Name, in which there were many things that might well become the vigour and force of a manly Wit. The first beginning of his Studies, was a familiarity with the most solid and unaffected Authors of Antiquity, which he fully digested not only in his memory but his judgment. By this advantage he learnt nothing while a Boy, that he needed  
30 to forget or forsake, when he came to be a man. His mind was rightly season'd at first, and he had nothing to do, but still to proceed on the same Foundation on which he began.

He was wont to relate, that he had this defect in his memory at that time, that his Teachers could never bring

it to retain the ordinary Rules of Grammar. However he supply'd that want, by conversing with the Books themselves, from whence those Rules had been drawn. That no doubt was a better way, though much more difficult, and he afterwards found this benefit by it, that having got the Greek and Roman Languages, as he had done his own, not by precept but use, he practis'd them, not as a Scholar but a Native.

With these extraordinary hopes he was remov'd to *Trinity* Colledge in *Cambridge*, where by the progress and continu- 10  
ance of his Wit, it appear'd that two things were join'd in it, which seldom meet together, that it was both early-ripe and lasting. This brought him into the love and esteem of the most eminent members of that famous Society, and principally of your Uncle Mr. *Fotherby*, whose favours he since abundantly acknowledg'd, when his Benefactor had quite forgot the obligation. His Exercises of all kinds, are still remembred in that University with great applause, and with this particular praise, that they were not only fit for the obscurity of an Academical life, but to have been shown 20  
on the true Theater of the World. There it was that before the twentieth year of his Age, he laid the design of divers of his most Masculine Works, that he finish'd long after. In which I know not whether I should most commend, that a mind so young should conceive such great things, or that it should be able to perfect them with such felicity.

The first occasion of his entring into business, was the Elegy that he writ on Mr. *Hervey's* Death: wherein he described the highest Characters of Religion, Knowledge, and Friendship, in an Age when most other men scarce begin 30  
to learn them. This brought him into the acquaintance of Mr. *John Hervey*, the Brother of his deceased Friend, from whom he received many Offices of kindness through the whole course of his life, and principally this, that by his means he came into the service of my Lord St. *Albans*.

When the Civil War broke out, his affection to the Kings Cause drew him to *Oxford*, as soon as it began to be the chief seat of the Royal Party. In that University he prosecuted the same Studies with a like success. Nor in the mean time was he wanting to his duty in the War it self, for he was present and in service in several of the Kings Journeys and Expeditions. By these occasions and the report of his high deserts, he speedily grew familiar to the chief men of the Court and the Gown, whom the Fortune of the War had  
 10 drawn together. And particularly, though he was then very young, he had the entire friendship of my Lord *Falkland* one of the Principal Secretaries of State. That affection was contracted by the agreement of their Learning and Manners. For you may remember, Sir, we have often heard Mr. *Cowley* admire him, not only for the profoundness of his knowledge, which was applauded by all the world, but more especially for those qualities which he himself more regarded, for his generosity of mind, and his neglect of the vain pomp of humane greatness.

20 During the heat of the Civil War, he was settled in my Lord St. *Albans* Family, and attended her Majesty the Queen-Mother, when by the unjust persecution of her Subjects, she was forc'd to retire into *France*. Upon this wandering condition of the most vigorous part of his life, he was wont to reflect, as the cause of the long interruption of his Studies. Yet we have no reason to think that he lost so great a space of Time, if we consider in what business he employ'd his banishment. He was absent from his native Country above twelve years; which were wholly spent either in bear-  
 30 ing a share in the distresses of the Royal Family, or in labouring in their Affairs. To this purpose he performed several dangerous journeys into *Jersey*, *Scotland*, *Flanders*, *Holland*, or wherever else the Kings Troubles requir'd his attendance. But the chief Testimony of his Fidelity, was the laborious service he underwent in maintaining the con-

stant correspondence between the late King and the Queen his Wife. In that weighty Trust he behaved himself with indefatigable integrity, and unsuspected secrecy. For he cypher'd and decypher'd with his own hand, the greatest part of all the Letters that passed between their Majesties, and managed a vast Intelligence in many other parts: which for some years together took up all his days, and two or three nights every week.

At length upon his present Majesties removal out of *France*, and the Queen-Mothers staying behind, the business 10 of that nature passed of course into other hands. Then it was thought fit by those on whom he depended, that he should come over into *England*, and under pretence of privacy and retirement, should take occasion of giving notice of the posture of things in this Nation. Upon his return he found his Country groaning under the oppression of an unjust Usurpation. And he soon felt the effects of it. For while he lay hid in *London*, he was seiz'd on by a mistake, the search having been intended after another Gentleman, of considerable note in the Kings Party. Being made a 20 Prisoner, he was often examined before the Usurpers, who tryed all imaginable ways to make him serviceable to their ends. That course not prevailing, he was committed to a severe restraint; and scarce at last obtained his liberty upon the hard terms of a Thousand pound Bail, which burden Dr. *Scarborough* very honourably took upon himself. Under these Bonds he continued till the general redemption. Yet taking the opportunity of the Confusions that followed upon *Cromwells* death, he ventured back into *France*, and there remained in the same Station as before, till neer the time of 30 the Kings return.

This certainly, Sir, is abundantly sufficient to justify his Loyalty to all the world; though some have indeavoured to bring it in question, upon occasion of a few lines in the Preface to one of his Books. The Objection I must not pass

by in silence, because it was the only part of his life, that was lyable to mis-interpretation, even by the confession of those that envyed his Fame. In this case perhaps it were enough, to alledge for him to men of moderate minds, that what he there said was published before a Book of Poetry, and so ought rather to be esteemed as a Probleme of his Fancy and Invention, than as the real Image of his Judgment. But his defence in this matter may be laid on a surer Foundation. This is the true reason that is to be given of  
 10 his delivering that opinion. Upon his coming over he found the state of the Royal Party very desperate. He perceived the strength of their Enemies so united, that till it should begin to break within it self, all endeavours against it were like to prove unsuccessful. On the other side he beheld their zeal for his Majesties Cause, to be still so active, that it often hurried them into inevitable ruine. He saw this with much grief. And though he approv'd their constancy, as much as any man living, yet he found their unseasonable shewing it, did only disable themselves, and give their Adversaries  
 20 great advantages of riches and strength by their defeats. He therefore believed that it would be a meritorious service to the King, if any man who was known to have followed his interest, could insinuate into the Usurpers minds, that men of his Principles were now willing to be quiet, and could perswade the poor oppressed Royalists to conceal their affections, for better occasions. And as for his own particular, he was a close Prisoner, when he writ that against which the exception is made; so that he saw it was impossible for him to pursue the ends for which he came hither, if he did  
 30 not make some kind of declaration of his peaceable intentions. This was then his opinion. And the success of things seems to prove, that it was not very ill grounded. For certainly it was one of the greatest helps to the Kings Affairs, about the latter end of that Tyranny, that many of his best Friends dissembled their Counsels, and acted

the same Designs, under the Disguises and Names of other Parties.

But to return to my Narration which this Digression has interrupted: Upon the Kings happy Restauration, Mr. *Cowley* was past the fortieth year of his Age; of which the greatest part had been spent in a various and tempestuous condition. He now thought he had sacrificed enough of his life to his curiosity and experience. He had enjoyed many excellent occasions of observation. He had been present in 10 many great revolutions, which in that tumultuous time disturb'd the peace of all our Neighbour-States, as well as our own. He had neerly beheld all the splendour of the highest part of mankind. He had lived in the presence of Princes, and familiarly conversed with greatness in all its degrees, which was necessary for one that would condemn it aright: for to scorn the pomp of the World before a man knows it, does commonly proceed rather from ill Manners, than a true Magnanimity.

He was now weary of the vexations and formalities of an 20 active condition. He had been perplexed with a long compliance to Foreign Manners. He was satiated with the Arts of Court: which sort of life, though his virtue had made innocent to him, yet nothing could make it quiet. These were the reasons that moved him to forego all Public Employments, and to follow the violent inclination of his own mind, which in the greatest throng of his former business, had still called upon him, and represented to him the true delights of solitary Studies, of temperate Pleasures, and of a moderate Revenue, below the malice, and flatteries of Fortune. 30

At first he was but slenderly provided for such a retirement, by reason of his Travels, and the Afflictions of the Party to which he adhered, which had put him quite out of all the rodes of gain. Yet, notwithstanding the narrowness of his Income, he remained fixed to his resolution, upon his

confidence in the temper of his own mind, which he knew had contracted its desires into so small a compass, that a very few things would supply them all. But upon the settlement of the Peace of our Nation, this hinderance of his design was soon remov'd: for he then obtain'd a plentiful Estate, by the favour of my Lord St. *Albans*, and the bounty of my Lord Duke of *Buckingham*; to whom he was always most dear, and whom he ever respected, as his principal Patrons. The last of which great men, you know, Sir, it is  
 10 my duty to mention, not only for Mr. *Cowleys* sake, but my own: though I cannot do it, without being asham'd, that having the same Encourager of my Studies, I should deserve his Patronage so much less.

Thus he was sufficiently furnished for his retreat. And immediately he gave over all pursuit of Honour and Riches, in a time, when, if any ambitious or covetous thoughts had remain'd in his mind, he might justly have expected to have them readily satisfied. In his last seven or eight years he was conceal'd in his beloved obscurity, and possess'd that  
 20 Solitude, which from his very childhood he had always most passionately desired. Though he had frequent invitations to return into business, yet he never gave ear to any persuasions of Profit or Preferment. His visits to the City and Court were very few: his stays in Town were only as a Passenger, not an Inhabitant. The Places that he chose for the Seats of his declining life, were two or three Villages on the Bank of the *Thames*. During this recess his mind was rather exercised on what was to come, than what was pass'd; he suffered no more business, nor cares of life to come near  
 30 him, than what were enough to keep his Soul awake, but not to disturb it. Some few Friends and Books, a cheerful heart, and innocent conscience, were his constant Companions. His Poetry indeed he took with him, but he made that an Anchorite, as well as himself: he only dedicated it to the service of his Maker, to describe the great images of Religion



and Virtue wherewith his mind abounded. And he employed his Musick to no other use, than as his own *David* did towards *Saul*, by singing the Praises of God and of Nature, to drive the evil Spirit out of mens minds.

Of his Works that are Publish'd, it is hard to give one general Character, because of the difference of their subjects; and the various forms and distant times of their writing. Yet this is true of them all, that in all the several shapes of his Style, there is still very much of the likeness and impression of the same mind: the same unaffected modesty, and 10 natural freedom, and easie vigour, and chearful passions, and innocent mirth, which appear'd in all his Manners. We have many things that he writ in two very unlike conditions, in the University and the Court. But in his Poetry, as well as his Life, he mingled with excellent skill what was good in both states. In his life he join'd the innocence, and sincerity of the Scholar, with the humanity and good behaviour of the Courtier. In his Poems he united the Solidity and Art of the one, with the Gentility and Gracefulness of the other.

If any shall think that he was not wonderfully curious, 20 in the choice and elegance of all his words: I will affirm with more truth on the other side, that he had no manner of affectation in them: he took them as he found them made to his hands; he neither went before, nor came after the use of the Age. He forsook the Conversation, but never the Language, of the City and Court. He understood exceeding well all the variety and power of Poetical Numbers; and practis'd all sorts with great happiness. If his Verses in some places seem not as soft and flowing as some would have them, it was his choice not his fault. He knew that in divert- 30 ing mens minds, there should be the same variety observ'd as in the prospects of their Eyes: where a Rock, a Precipice, or a rising Wave, is often more delightful than a smooth, even ground, or a calm Sea. Where the matter required it, he was as gentle as any man. But where higher Virtues were

chiefly to be regarded, an exact numerosity was not then his main care. This may serve to answer those who upbraid some of his Pieces with roughness, and with more contractions than they are willing to allow. But these Admirers of gentleness without sinews, should know that different Arguments must have different Colours of Speech: that there is a kind of variety of Sexes in Poetry, as well as in Mankind: that as the peculiar excellence of the Feminine Kind, is smoothness and beauty: so strength is the chief praise of  
 10 the Masculine.

He had a perfect mastery in both the Languages in which he writ: But each of them kept a just distance from the other: neither did his Latin make his English too old, nor his English make his Latin too modern. He excelled both in Prose and Verse; and both together have that perfection, which is commended by some of the Antients above all others, that they are very obvious to the conception, but most difficult in the imitation.

His Fancy flow'd with great speed, and therefore it was  
 20 very fortunate to him, that his Judgment was equal to manage it. He never runs his Reader nor his Argument out of Breath. He perfectly practises the hardest secret of good Writing, to know when he has done enough. He always leaves off in such a manner, that it appears it was in his power, to have said much more. In the particular expressions there is still much to be Applauded, but more in the disposition, and order of the whole. From thence there springs a new comeliness, besides the feature of each part. His Invention is powerful, and large as can be desir'd. But it seems  
 30 all to arise out of the Nature of the subject, and to be just fitted for the thing of which he speaks. If ever he goes far for it, he dissembles his pains admirably well.

The variety of Arguments that he has manag'd is so large, that there is scarce any particular of all the passions of Men, or works of Nature, and Providence, which he has pass'd by

undescrib'd. Yet he still observes the rules of Decence with so much care, that whether he inflames his Reader with the softer Affections, or delights him with inoffensive Raillery, or teaches the familiar manners of Life, or adorns the discoveries of Philosophy, or inspires him with the Heroick Characters of Charity and Religion: To all these matters that are so wide asunder, he still proportions a due figure of Speech, and a proper measure of Wit. This indeed is most remarkable, that a Man who was so constant and fix'd in the Moral Ideas of his mind, should yet be so changable in his 10 Intellectual, and in both to the highest degree of Excellence.

If there needed any excuse to be made, that his Love-Verses should take up so great a share in his Works, it may be alledg'd that they were compos'd, when he was very young. But it is a vain thing to make any kind of Apology for that sort of Writings. If Devout or Virtuous Men will superciliously forbid the minds of the young, to adorn those subjects about which they are most conversant: They would put them out of all capacity of performing graver matters, 20 when they come to them. For the exercises of all Mens Wits, must be always proper for their Age, and never too much above it: And by practice and use in lighter Arguments, they grow up at last to excel in the most weighty. I am not therefore asham'd to commend Mr. *Cowley's* Mistress. I only except one, or two expressions, which I wish I could have prevail'd with those that had the right of the other Edition, to have left out. But of all the rest I dare boldly pronounce, that never yet so much was written on a subject so Delicate, that can less offend the severest rules of Morality. The whole 30 Passion of Love is inimitably describ'd, with all its mighty Train of Hopes, and Joys, and Disquiets. Besides this amorous tenderness, I know not how in every Copy, there is something of more useful Knowledge very naturally and gracefully insinuated, and every where there may be

something found, to inform the minds of wise Men, as well as to move the hearts of young Men, or Women.

The occasion of his falling on the Pindaric way of Writing, was his accidental meeting with *Pindars* works, in a place, where he had no other Books to direct him. Having then considered at leisure the height of his Invention, and the Majesty of his Style, he try'd immediately to imitate it in *English*. And he perform'd it without the danger that *Horace* presag'd to the Man who should dare to attempt it.

10 If any are displeas'd at the boldness of his Metaphors, and length of his Digression, they contend not against Mr. *Cowley*, but *Pindar* himself: who was so much reverenc'd by all Antiquity, that the place of his Birth was preserv'd as Sacred, when his Native City was twice destroy'd by the fury of two Conquerours. If the irregularity of the number disgust them, they may observe that this very thing makes that kind of Poesie fit for all manner of subjects: For the Pleasant, the Grave, the Amorous, the Heroic, the Philosophical, the Moral, the Divine. Besides this they will find,

20 that the frequent alteration of the Rhythm and Feet, affects the mind with a more various delight, while it is soon apt to be tyr'd by the settled pace of any one constant measure. But that for which I think this inequality of number is chiefly to be preferr'd, is its near affinity with Prose: From which all other kinds of *English* Verse are so far distant, that it is very seldom found that the same Man excels in both ways. But now this loose, and unconfin'd measure has all the Grace, and Harmony of the most confin'd. And withal, it is so large and free, that the practice of it will only exalt,

30 not corrupt our Prose: which is certainly the most useful kind of Writing of all others: for it is the style of all business and conversation.

Besides this imitating of *Pindar*, which may perhaps be thought rather a new sort of Writing, than a restoring of an Ancient; he has also been wonderfully happy, in Translating

many difficult parts of the Noblest Poets of Antiquity. To perform this according to the Dignity of the attempt, he had, as it was necessary he should have, not only the Elegance of both the Languages; but the true spirit of both the Poetries. This way of leaving Verbal Translations, and chiefly regarding the Sense and Genius of the Author, was scarce heard of in *England*, before this present Age. I will not presume to say, that Mr. *Cowley* was the absolute Inventor of it. Nay, I know that others had the good luck to recommend it first in Print. Yet I appeal to you Sir, whether 10 he did not conceive it, and discourse of it, and practise it as soon as any man.

His *Dauides* was wholly written in so young an Age; that if we shall reflect on the vastness of the Argument, and his manner of handling it, he may seem like one of the Miracles, that he there adorns, like a Boy attempting *Goliah*. I have often heard you declare, that he had finish'd the greatest part of it, while he was yet a young Student at *Cambridge*. This perhaps may be the reason, that in some few places, there is more youthfulness, and redundance of Fancy, than 20 his riper judgment would have allow'd. I know, Sir, you will give me leave to use this liberty of censure; For I do not here pretend to a profess'd Panegyrick, but rather to give a just opinion concerning him. But for the main of it, I will affirm, that it is a better instance and beginning of a Divine Poem, than I ever yet saw in any Language. The contrivance is perfectly antient, which is certainly the true form of Heroick Poetry, and such as was never yet outdone by any new Devices of Modern Wits. The subject was truly Divine, even according to Gods own heart. The matter of 30 his invention, all the Treasures of Knowledge and Histories in the Bible. The model of it comprehended all the Learning of the East. The Characters lofty and various: The Numbers firm and powerful: The Digressions beautiful and proportionable: The Design to submit mortal Wit to heavenly

Truths: in all there is an admirable mixture of humane Virtues and Passions, with religious Raptures.

In his Latin Poems he has expressed to admiration, all the Numbers of Verse, and Figures of Poesie, that are scattered up and down amongst the Antients. There is hardly to be found in them all, any good fashion of Speech, or colour of Measure, but he has comprehended it, and given instances of it, according as his several Arguments required either a  
 10 majestick Spirit, or a passionate, or a pleasant. This is the more extraordinary, in that it was never yet performed by any single Poet of the Antient Romans themselves. They had the Language natural to them, and so might easily have moulded it into what form or humour they pleas'd: Yet it was their constant Custom, to confine all their thoughts and practise to one or two ways of Writing, as despairing ever to compass all together. This is evident in those that excelled in Odes and Songs, in the Comical, Tragical, Epical, Elegiacal, or Satyrical way. And this perhaps occasioned  
 20 the first distinction and number of the Muses. For they thought the task too hard for any one of them, though they fancied them to be Goddesses. And therefore they divided it amongst them all, and only recommended to each of them, the care of a distinct Character of Poetry and Musick.

The occasion of his chusing the subject of his Six Books of Plants, was this; when he returned into *England*, he was advised to dissemble the main intention of his coming over, under the disguise of applying himself to some settled Profession. And that of Physic was thought most proper. To  
 30 this purpose, after many Anatomical Dissections he proceeded to the consideration of Simples; and having furnish'd himself with Books of that Nature, he retir'd into a fruitful part of *Kent*, where every Field and Wood might shew him the real Figures of those Plants, of which he read. Thus he speedily Master'd that part of the Art of Medicine. But then,

as one of the Antients did before him in the study of the Law, instead of employing his Skill for practice and profit, he presently digested it into that form which we behold.

The two first Books treat of Herbs, in a style resembling the Elegies of *Ovid* and *Tibullus*, in the sweetness and freedom of the Verse: But excelling them in the strength of the Fancy, and vigour of the Sense. The third and fourth discourse of Flowers in all the variety of *Catullus* and *Horaces* Numbers: For the last of which Authors he had a peculiar Reverence, and imitated him, not only in the stately and 10 numerous pace of his *Odes* and *Epodes*, but in the familiar easiness of his Epistles, and Speeches. The two last speak of Trees, in the way of *Virgils Georgics*. Of these the sixth Book is wholly Dedicated to the Honour of his Country. For making the *British* Oak to preside in the Assembly of the Forrest Trees, upon that occasion he enlarges on the History of our late Troubles, the Kings Affliction and Return, and the beginning of the *Dutch* War: and Manages all in a style, that (to say all in a word) is equal to the Greatness and Valour of the *English* Nation. 20

I told you, Sir, that he was very happy in the way of *Horaces* Speeches. But of this there are but two Instances preserv'd: that part of an Epistle to Mr. *Creswel*, with which he concludes his Preface to his Book of Plants: and that Copy which is written to your self. I confess I heartily wish he had left more Examples behind him of this kind: because I esteem it to be one of the best and most difficult, of all those that Antiquity has taught us. It is certainly the very Original of true Raillery; and differs as much from some of the other Latin *Satyrs*, as the pleasant reproofs of a Gentle- 30 man, from the severity of a School-master. I know some Men disapprove it, because the Verse seems to be loose, and near to the plainness of common Discourse. But that which was admir'd by the Court of *Augustus*, never ought to be esteem'd flat, or vulgar. And the same judgment should be

made of Mens styles, as of their behaviour, and carriage: wherein that is most courtly, and hardest to be imitated, which consists of a Natural easiness, and unaffected Grace, where nothing seems to be studied, yet every thing is extraordinary.

This familiar way of Verse puts me in mind of one kind of Prose wherein Mr. *Cowley* was excellent; and that is his Letters to his private Friends. In these he always express'd the Native tenderness, and Innocent gayety of his Mind. I  
 10 think, Sir, you, and I have the greatest Collection of this sort. But I know you agree with me, that nothing of this Nature should be publish'd: And herein you have always consented to approve of the modest Judgment of our Country-men above the practice of some of our Neighbours, and chiefly of the *French*. I make no manner of question, but the *English* at this time, are infinitely improv'd in this way, above the skill of former Ages, nay, of all Countries round about us, that pretend to greater Eloquence. Yet they have been always judiciously sparing, in Printing such com-  
 20 posures, while some other Witty Nations have tyr'd all their Presses, and Readers with them. The truth is, the Letters that pass between particular Friends, if they are written as they ought to be, can scarce ever be fit to see the light. They should not consist of fulsom Complements, or tedious Politicks, or elaborate Elegancies, or general Fancies. But they should have a Native clearness and shortness, a Domestic plainness, and a peculiar kind of Familiarity; which can only affect the humour of those to whom they were intended. The very same passages, which make Writings of this Nature  
 30 delightful amongst Friends, will loose all manner of taste, when they come to be read by those that are indifferent. In such Letters the Souls of Men should appear undress'd: And in that negligent habit, they may be fit to be seen by one or two in a Chamber, but not to go abroad into the Streets.

The last Pieces that we have from his hands are Dis-



courses by way of Essays, upon some of the gravest subjects that concern the Contentment of a Virtuous Mind. These he intended as a real Character of his own thoughts, upon the point of his Retirement. And accordingly you may observe, that in the Prose of them, there is little Curiosity of Ornament, but they are written in a lower and humbler style than the rest, and as an unfeigned Image of his Soul should be drawn without Flattery. I do not speak this to their disadvantage. For the true perfection of Wit is, to be pliable to all occasions, to walk or flye, according to the 10 Nature of every subject. And there is no doubt as much Art, to have only plain Conceptions on some Arguments, as there is in others to have extraordinary Flights.

To these that he has here left scarce finish'd, it was his design to have added many others. And a little before his death he communicated to me his resolutions, to have dedicated them all to my Lord St. *Albans*, as a testimony of his entire respects to him; and a kind of Apology for having left humane Affairs, in the strength of his Age, while he might still have been serviceable to his Country. But though 20 he was prevented in this purpose by his death: yet it becomes the Office of a Friend to make good his intentions. I therefore here presume to make a Present of them to his Lordship. I doubt not but according to his usual humanity, he will accept this imperfect Legacy, of the man whom he long honoured with his domestic conversation. And I am confident his Lordship will believe it to be no injury to his Fame, that in these Papers my Lord St. *Albans* and Mr. *Cowleys* name shall be read together by posterity.

I might, Sir, have made a longer Discourse of his Writings, 30 but that I think it fit to direct my Speech concerning him, by the same rule by which he was wont to judge of others. In his esteem of other men, he constantly prefer'd the good temper of their minds, and honesty of their Actions, above all the excellencies of their Eloquence or Knowledge. The

same course I will take in his praise, which chiefly ought to be fixed on his life. For that he deserves more applause from the most virtuous men, than for his other abilities he ever obtained from the Learned.

He had indeed a perfect natural goodness, which neither the uncertainties of his condition, nor the largeness of his wit could pervert. He had a firmness and strength of mind, that was of proof against the Art of Poetry it self. Nothing vain or fantastical, nothing flattering or insolent appeared in his  
 10 humour. He had a great integrity, and plainness of Manners; which he preserv'd to the last, though much of his time was spent in a Nation, and way of life, that is not very famous for sincerity. But the truth of his heart was above the corruption of ill examples: And therefore the sight of them rather confirm'd him in the contrary Virtues.

There was nothing affected or singular in his habit, or person, or gesture. He understood the forms of good breeding enough to practise them without burdening himself, or others. He never oppress any mans parts, nor ever put any  
 20 man out of countenance. He never had any emulation for Fame, or contention for Profit with any man. When he was in business he suffer'd others importunities with much easiness: When he was out of it he was never importunate himself. His modesty and humility were so great, that if he had not had many other equal Virtues, they might have been thought dissimulation.

His Conversation was certainly of the most excellent kind; for it was such as was rather admired by his familiar Friends, than by Strangers at first sight. He surpriz'd no man at first  
 30 with any extraordinary appearance: he never thrust himself violently into the good opinion of his company. He was content to be known by leisure and by degrees: and so the esteem that was conceiv'd of him, was better groundend and more lasting.

In his Speech, neither the pleasantness excluded gravity,

nor was the sobriety of it inconsistent with delight. No man parted willingly from his Discourse: for he so ordered it, that every man was satisfied that he had his share. He govern'd his Passions with great moderation. His Virtues were never troublesome or uneasy to any. Whatever he disliked in others, he only corrected it, by the silent reproof of a better practise.

His Wit was so temper'd, that no man had ever reason to wish it had been less: he prevented other mens severity upon it by his own: he never willingly recited any of his 10 Writings. None but his intimate friends ever discovered he was a great Poet, by his discourse. His Learning was large and profound, well compos'd of all Antient and Modern Knowledge. But it sat exceeding close and handsomly upon him: it was not imbossed on his mind, but enamelled.

He never guided his life by the whispers, or opinions of the World. Yet he had a great reverence for a good reputation. He hearkened to Fame when it was a just Censurer: But not when an extravagant Babler. He was a passionate lover of Liberty and Freedom from restraint both in Actions 20 and Words. But what honesty others receive from the direction of Laws, he had by native Inclination: And he was not beholding to other mens wills, but to his own for his Innocence.

He perform'd all his Natural and Civil Duties, with admirable tenderness. Having been Born after his Fathers Death, and bred up under the Discipline of his Mother, he gratefully acknowledg'd her care of his Education, to her Death, which was in the Eightieth year of her Age. For his three Brothers he always maintain'd a constant affection. And having 30 surviv'd the two first, he made the third his Heir. In his long dependance on my Lord St. *Albans*, there never happened any manner of difference between them: except a little at last, because he would leave his service: which only shewed the innocence of the Servant, and the kindness of

the Master. His Friendships were inviolable. The same men with whom he was familiar in his Youth, were his nearest acquaintance at the day of his Death. If the private Course of his last years made him contract his Conversation to a few, yet he only withdrew, not broke off from any of the others.

His thoughts were never above nor below his condition. He never wished his Estate much larger. Yet he enjoyed what he had with all innocent Freedom, he never made his  
 10 present life uncomfortable, by undue expectations of future things. Whatever disappointments he met with, they only made him understand Fortune better, not repine at her the more: His Muse indeed once complain'd, but never his Mind. He was accomplish'd with all manner of Abilities, for the greatest business: If he would but have thought so himself.

If any thing ought to have been chang'd in his Temper, and Disposition: It was his earnest Affection for Obscurity and Retirement. This, Sir, give me leave to condemn, even  
 20 to you, who I know agreed with him in the same humour. I acknowledge he chose that state of Life, not out of any Poetical Rapture, but upon a steady and sober experience of Humane things. But however I cannot applaud it in him. It is certainly a great disparagement to Virtue, and Learning it self, that those very things which only make Men useful in the World, should encline them to leave it. This ought never to be allow'd to good Men, unless the bad had the same moderation, and were willing to follow them into the Wilderness. But if the one shall contend to get out of  
 30 Employment, while the other strive to get into it, the affairs of Mankind are like to be in so ill a posture, that even the good Men themselves will hardly be able to enjoy their very retreats in security.

Yet I confess if any deserv'd to have this priviledge, it ought to have been granted to him, as soon as any Man

living, upon consideration of the manner in which he spent the Liberty that he got. For he withdrew himself out of the crowd, with desires of enlightning, and instructing the minds of those that remain'd in it. It was his resolution in that Station to search into the secrets of Divine and Humane Knowledge, and to communicate what he should observe. He always profess'd, that he went out of the world, as it was mans, into the same World as it was Natures, and as it was Gods. The whole compass of the Creation, and all the wonderful effects of the Divine Wisdom, were the constant 10 Prospect of his Senses, and his Thoughts. And indeed he enter'd with great advantage on the studies of Nature, even as the first great Men of Antiquity did, who were generally both Poets and Philosophers. He betook himself to its Contemplation, as well furnish'd with sound Judgment, and diligent Observation, and good Method to discover its Mysteries, as with Abilities to set it forth in all its Ornaments.

This labour about Natural Science was the perpetual, and uninterrupted task of that obscure part of his life. Besides 20 this, we had perswaded him to look back into his former Studies, and to publish a Discourse concerning Style. In this he had design'd, to give an account of the proper sorts of writing, that were fit for all manner of Arguments, to compare the perfections and imperfections of the Authors of Antiquity, with those of this present Age, and to deduce all down to the particular use of the English Genius, and Language. This subject he was very fit to perform: It being most proper for him to be the Judge, who had been the best Practiser. But he scarce liv'd to draw the first lines of it. 30 All the footsteps that I can find remaining of it, are only some indigested Characters of Antient and Modern Authors. And now for the future, I almost despair ever to see it well accomplished, unless you, Sir, would give me leave to name the man that should undertake it.

But his last and principal Design, was that which ought to be the principal to every wise man; the establishing his mind in the Faith he professed. He was in his practise exactly obedient to the Use and Precepts of our Church. Nor was he inclined to any uncertainty and doubt, as abhorring all contention in indifferent things, and much more in sacred. But he beheld the Divisions of Christendom: he saw how many controversies had been introduced by zeal or ignorance, and continued by Faction. He had therefore  
 10 an earnest intention of taking a Review of the Original Principles of the Primitive Church: believing that every true Christian had no better means to settle his spirit, than that which was proposed to *Æneas* and his Followers, to be the end of their wandrings, *Antiquam exquirite Matrem*.

This examination he purposed should reach to our Saviours and the Apostles lives, and their immediate Successors, for four or five Centuries; till Interest and Policy prevailed over Devotion. He hoped to have absolutely compassed it in three or four years, and when that was done, there  
 20 to have fixed for ever, without any shaking or alteration in his judgment. Indeed it was a great dammage to our Church, that he lived not to perform it. For very much of the Primitive Light might have been expected, from a mind that was endued with the primitive meekness and innocence. And besides, such a Work coming from one that was no Divine, might have been very useful for this age; wherein it is one of the principal Cavils against Religion, that it is only a matter of interest, and only supported for the gain of a particular Profession.

30 But alas! while he was framing these great things in his thoughts, they were unfortunately cut off together with his life. His Solitude from the very beginning, had never agreed so well with the constitution of his Body, as of his Mind. The chief cause of it was, that out of hast to be gone away from the Tumult and Noyse of the City, he had not prepar'd

so healthful a situation in the Country, as he might have done, if he had made a more leasurable choice. Of this he soon began to find the inconvenience at *Barn Elms*, where he was afflicted with a dangerous and lingering *Fever*. After that he scarce ever recover'd his former Health, though his Mind was restor'd to its perfect Vigour: as may be seen by his two last Books of Plants, that were written since that time, and may at least be compar'd with the best of his other Works. Shortly after his removal to *Chertsea*, he fell into another consuming Disease. Having languish'd under 10 this for some months, he seem'd to be pretty well cur'd of its ill Symptomes. But in the heat of the last Summer, by staying too long amongst his Laborers in the Medows; he was taken with a violent Defluxion, and Stoppage in his Breast, and Throat. This he at first neglected as an ordinary Cold, and refus'd to send for his usual Physicians, till it was past all remedies; and so in the end after a fortnight sickness, it prov'd mortal to him.

Who can here, Sir, forbear exclaiming on the weak hopes, and frail condition of humane Nature? For as long as Mr. 20 *Cowley* was pursuing the course of Ambition, in an active life, which he scarce esteem'd his true life: he never wanted a constant health, and strength of body. But as soon as ever he had found an opportunity of beginning indeed to live, and to enjoy himself in security, his contentment was first broken by Sickness, and at last his death was occasion'd by his very delight in the Country and the Fields, which he had long fancied above all other Pleasures. But let us not grieve at this fatal accident upon his account, lest we should seem to repine at the happy change of his condition, and not to 30 know that the loss of a few years, which he might longer have liv'd, will be recompenc'd by an immortal Memory. If we complain, let it only be for our own sakes: that in him we are at once depriv'd of the greatest natural, and improv'd abilities, of the usefulest conversation, of the faithfulest

## xxxviii AN ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE OF

Friendship, of a mind that practis'd the best Virtues it self, and a Wit that was best able to recommend them to others.

His Body was attended to *Westminster Abby*, by a great number of Persons of the most eminent quality, and follow'd with the praises of all good, and Learned Men. It lies near the Ashes of *Chaucer* and *Spencer*, the two most Famous *English* Poets, of former times. But whoever would do him right, should not only equal him to the Principal Ancient Writers of our own Nation, but should also rank his name  
 10 amongst the Authors of the true Antiquity, the best of the *Greeks* and *Romans*. In that place there is a Monument design'd for him, by my Lord Duke of *Buckingham*, in Testimony of his Affection. And the King himself was pleas'd to bestow on him the best Epitaph, when upon the news of his Death his Majesty declar'd, *That Mr. Cowley had not left a better Man behind him in England*.

This, Sir, is the account that I thought fit to present the World concerning him. Perhaps it may be judged, that I have spent too many words on a private man, and a Scholar:  
 20 whose life was not remarkable for such a variety of Events, as are wont to be the Ornaments of this kind of Relations. I know it is the custom of the World to prefer the pompous Histories of great Men, before the greatest Virtues of others, whose lives have been led in a course less illustrious. This indeed is the general humour. But I believe it to be an error in mens judgments. For certainly that is a more profitable instruction, which may be taken from the eminent goodness of men of lower rank, than that which we learn from the splendid representations of the Battels, and Vic-  
 30 tories, and Buildings, and Sayings of great Commanders and Princes. Such specious matters, as they are seldom delivered with fidelity, so they serve but for the imitation of a very few, and rather make for the ostentation than the true information of humane life. Whereas it is from the practise of men equal to our selves, that we are more naturally



taught how to command our Passions, to direct our Knowledge, and to govern our Actions.

For this reason I have some hope, that a Character of Mr. *Cowley* may be of good advantage to our Nation. For what he wanted in Titles of Honour, and the Gifts of Fortune, was plentifully supplied by many other Excellencies, which make perhaps less noise, but are more beneficial for Example. This, Sir, was the principal end of this long Discourse. Besides this, I had another design in it, that only concerns our selves; that having this Picture of his life set 10 before us, we may still keep him alive in our memories, and by this means may have some small reparation, for our inexpressible loss by his death.

Sir, I am

Your most humble, and most  
affectionate Servant

T. SPRAT.

## DRYDEN ON COWLEY

From the Preface to *Sylvæ*, 1685

EVERY one knows it [sc. Pindaric verse] was introduc'd into our Language, in this Age, by the happy Genius of Mr. *Cowley*. The seeming easiness of it, has made it spread; 20 but it has not been considered enough, to be so well cultivated. It languishes in almost every hand but his, and some very few, (whom to keep the rest in countenance) I do not name. He, indeed, has brought it as near Perfection as was possible in so short a time. But if I may be allow'd to speak my Mind modestly, and without Injury to his sacred Ashes, somewhat of the Purity of *English*, somewhat of more equal Thoughts, somewhat of sweetness in the Numbers, in one Word, somewhat of a finer turn and more Lyrical Verse is yet wanting. As for the Soul of it, which consists in the 30 Warmth and Vigor of Fancy, the masterly Figures, and the

copiousness of Imagination, he has excelled all others in this kind.

From *The Original and Progress of Satire*, 1693

DONN . . . affects the Metaphysicks, not only in his satires, but in his Amorous Verses, where Nature only should reign ; and perplexes the Minds of the Fair Sex with nice Speculations of Philosophy, when he shou'd ingage their Hearts, and entertain them with the softnesses of Love. In this (if I may be pardon'd for so bold a truth) Mr Cowley has Copy'd him to a fault.

From the Preface to the *Fables*, 1700

10 AS he [sc. Chaucer] knew what to say, so he knows also when to leave off ; a Continnence which is practis'd by few Writers, and scarcely by any of the Ancients, excepting *Virgil* and *Horace*. One of our late great Poets is sunk in his Reputation, because he cou'd never forgive any Conceit which came in his way ; but swept like a Drag-net, great and small. There was plenty enough, but the Dishes were ill sorted ; whole Pyramids of Sweet-meats, for Boys and Women ; but little of solid Meat, for Men : All this proceeded not from any want of Knowledge, but of Judgment ; neither  
20 did he want that in discerning the Beauties and Faults of other Poets ; but only indulg'd himself in the Luxury of Writing ; and perhaps knew it was a Fault, but hop'd the Reader would not find it. For this Reason, though he must always be thought a great Poet, he is no longer esteem'd a good Writer : And for Ten Impressions, which his Works have had in so many successive Years, yet at present a hundred Books are scarcely purchas'd once a Twelvemonth : For, as my last Lord *Rochester* said, though somewhat profanely, *Not being of God, he could not stand*.

## ADDISON ON COWLEY

From *An Account of the Greatest English Poets*, 1694

GREAT *Cowley* then (a mighty genius) wrote,  
 O'er-run with wit, and lavish of his thought:  
 His turns too closely on the reader press:  
 He more had pleas'd us, had he pleas'd us less.  
 One glittering thought no sooner strikes our eyes  
 With silent wonder, but new wonders rise.  
 As in the milky-way a shining white  
 O'er-flows the heav'ns with one continu'd light;  
 That not a single star can shew his rays,  
 Whilst jointly all promote the common blaze. 10  
 Pardon, great Poet, that I dare to name  
 Th'unnumber'd beauties of thy verse with blame;  
 Thy fault is only wit in its excess,  
 But wit like thine in any shape will please.  
 What Muse but thine can equal hints inspire,  
 And fit the deep-mouth'd *Pindar* to thy lyre:  
*Pindar*, whom others in a labour'd strain,  
 And forc'd expression, imitate in vain?  
 Well-pleas'd in thee he soars with new delight,  
 And plays in more unbounded verse, and takes a nobler 20  
 flight.

From *The Spectator*, No. 62, 1711

AS *true Wit* consists in the Resemblance of Ideas, and *false Wit* in the Resemblance of Words, according to the foregoing Instances; there is another kind of Wit which consists partly in the Resemblance of Ideas, and partly in the Resemblance of Words; which for Distinction Sake I shall call *mixt Wit*. This Kind of Wit is that which abounds in *Cowley*, more than in any Author that ever wrote. Mr. *Waller* has likewise a great deal of it. Mr. *Dryden* is very sparing in it. *Milton* had a Genius much above it. . . . 30  
 Out of the innumerable Branches of *mixt Wit*, I shall chuse

one Instance which may be met with in all the Writers of this Class. The Passion of Love in its Nature has been thought to resemble Fire ; for which Reason the Words Fire and Flame are made use of to signifie Love. The witty Poets therefore have taken an Advantage from the doubtful Meaning of the Word Fire, to make an infinite Number of Witticisms. *Cowley* observing the cold Regard of his Mistress's Eyes, and at the same Time their Power of producing Love in him, considers them as Burning-Glasses made of Ice ; and  
10 finding himself able to live in the greatest Extremities of Love, concludes the Torrid Zone to be habitable. When his Mistress has read his Letter written in Juice of Lemmon by holding it to the Fire, he desires her to read it over a second time by Love's Flames. When she weeps, he wishes it were inward Heat that distilled those Drops from the Limbeck. When she is absent he is beyond eighty, that is, thirty Degrees nearer the Pole than when she is with him. . . .

Mixt Wit therefore is a Composition of Punn and true Wit, and is more or less perfect as the Resemblance lies in the  
20 Ideas or in the Words: Its Foundations are laid partly in Falsehood and partly in Truth: Reason puts in her Claim for one Half of it, and Extravagance for the other. The only Province therefore for this kind of Wit, is Epigram, or those little occasional Poems that in their own Nature are nothing but a Tissue of Epigrams. I cannot conclude this Head of *mixt Wit*, without owning that the admirable Poet out of whom I have taken the Examples of it, had as much true Wit as any Author that ever writ ; and indeed all other Talents of an extraordinary Genius.

## POPE ON COWLEY

From the *Epistle to Augustus*, 1737

WHO now reads Cowley? if he pleases yet,  
His moral pleases, not his pointed wit;  
Forgot his Epic, nay Pindaric Art,  
But still I love the language of his heart.

From Spence's *Anecdotes collected from the Conversation of Mr. Pope*,  
ed. S. W. Singer, 1820

COWLEY is a fine poet, in spite of all his faults. He, as well as Davenant, borrowed his metaphysical style from Donne.—Creech hurt his translation of Lucretius very much by imitating Cowley, and bringing in turns [of expression] even into some of the most grand parts.

## JOHNSON ON COWLEY

From *Lives of the Poets*, 1779

AFTER so much criticism on his Poems, the Essays which 10 accompany them must not be forgotten. What is said of his conversation, that no man could draw from it any suspicion of his excellence in poetry, may be applied to these compositions. No author ever kept his verse and his prose at a greater distance from each other. His thoughts are natural, and his style has a smooth and placid equability, which has never yet obtained its due commendation. Nothing is far-sought, or hard-laboured; but all is easy without feebleness, and familiar without grossness.

It has been observed by Felton, in his *Essay on the Clas-* 20  
*sicks*, that Cowley was beloved by every Muse that he courted, and that he has rivalled the Ancients in every kind of poetry but tragedy.

It may be affirmed without any encomiastick fervour that he brought to his poetick labours a mind replete with learning, and that his pages are embellished with all the ornaments

which books could supply; that he was the first who imparted to English numbers the enthusiasm of the greater ode, and the gaiety of the less; that he was equally qualified for spritely sallies and for lofty flights; that he was among those who freed translation from servility, and, instead of following his author at a distance, walked by his side; and that if he left versification yet improvable, he left likewise from time to time such specimens of excellence as enabled succeeding poets to improve it.

## COWPER ON COWLEY

From *The Task*, Book IV, 1785

- 10 THEE too, enamoured of the life I loved,  
 Pathetic in its praise, in its pursuit  
 Determined, and possessing it at last  
 With transports such as favoured lovers feel,  
 I studied, prized, and wished that I had known,  
 Ingenious Cowley! and though now, reclaimed  
 By modern lights from an erroneous taste,  
 I cannot but lament thy splendid wit  
 Entangled in the cobwebs of the schools,  
 I still revere thee, courtly though retired,  
 20 Though stretched at ease in Chertsey's silent bowers  
 Not unemployed, and finding rich amends  
 For a lost world in solitude and verse.

## COLERIDGE ON COWLEY

From *Biographia Literaria*, 1817

ONE great distinction, I appeared to myself to see plainly, between, even the characteristic faults of our elder poets, and the false beauty of the moderns. In the former, from *DONNE* to *COWLEY*, we find the most fantastic out-of-the-way thoughts, but in the most pure and genuine mother English; in the latter, the most obvious thoughts, in lan-

guage the most fantastic and arbitrary. Our faulty elder poets sacrificed the passion and passionate flow of poetry, to the subtleties of intellect, and to the starts of wit; the moderns to the glare and glitter of a perpetual, yet broken and heterogeneous imagery, or rather to an amphibious something, made up, half of image, and half of abstract meaning. The one sacrificed the heart to the head; the other both heart and head to point and drapery. (Chap. I.)

Milton had a highly *imaginative*, Cowley a very *fanciful* mind. (Chap. IV.)

10

## LAMB ON COWLEY

From *Mrs. Leicester's School and Other Writings* ('Table-Talk and Criticism'), 1885

WE are too apt to indemnify ourselves for some characteristic excellence we are kind enough to concede to a great author by denying him every thing else. Thus Donne and Cowley, by happening to possess more wit, and faculty of illustration, than other men, are supposed to have been incapable of nature or feeling: they are usually opposed to such writers as Shenstone and Parnell; whereas, in the very thickest of their conceits,—in the bewildering mazes of tropes and figures,—a warmth of soul and generous feeling shines through, the 'sum' of which, 'forty thousand' of <sup>20</sup> those natural poets, as they are called, 'with all their quantity', could not make up.

## SAINTSBURY ON COWLEY

From *A History of English Prosody*, 1908<sup>1</sup>

COWLEY is far more of a prosodic puzzle than his fellows, Waller and Denham, and the much greater bulk of his work might seem to challenge more elaborate treatment than was demanded even by Waller. The puzzle indeed is, as is *not*

<sup>1</sup> By kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan.

the case with them, one in which the general poetic question is rather inextricably mixed up with the special or prosodic. Waller had little, and Denham had less, of the pure poet about him ; but Cowley had a great deal. . . . The fact is that it is very difficult for anybody who really likes poetry in *any* form not to like something in Cowley ; but for this very reason (or the counterpart and complement of it) it is still more difficult for any one who has decided tastes in poetry to like Cowley everywhere or very much. It may be even not  
 10 mere paradox to suggest that in this peculiarity lies the secret, at once of his astonishing popularity for a time and of his rapid and complete loss of that popularity. He represented all the tastes of a time of transition and overlapping ; and he could please all while none was particularly dominant. He wrote couplets better than any ' metaphysical ' and lyrics better than any of the new couplet poets ; while he provided in his Pindarics an escape for those who found the couplet too monotonous and the lyrics too fantastic.

## SIR HERBERT GRIERSON ON COWLEY

From *Metaphysical Lyrics & Poems of the Seventeenth Century*, 1921

IN Abraham Cowley ' metaphysical ' poetry produced its last  
 20 considerable representative, and a careful study of his poetry reveals clearly what was the fate which overtook it. His wit is far less bizarre and extravagant than much in Donne, to say nothing of Cleveland and Benlowes. But the central heat has died down. Less extravagant, his wit is also less passionate and imaginative. The long wrestle between reason and the imagination has ended in the victory of reason, good sense. The subtleties of the schoolmen have for Cowley none of the significance and interest they possessed for Donne. . . . The influence of the new philosophy  
 30 simplified with such dogmatic simplicity by Hobbes has



touched him,—atoms and determinism, witness the ode *To Mr. Hobbes* and the half-playful, charming *Destinie*; and though that philosophy might appeal to the imagination, the intellectual imagination, by its apparent simplicity and coherency, it could make no such appeal to the spiritual nature as the older, which had its roots in the heart and conscience, which had endeavoured to construct a view of things which should include, which indeed made central, the requirements and values of the human soul. Cowley is not wanting in feeling any more than in fancy, witness his poem *On the Death of Mr. William Hervey*, and he was a Christian, but neither his affections nor his devotion expressed themselves imaginatively as these feelings did in Donne's most sombre or bizarre verses or those of his spiritual followers; his wit is not the reflection of a sombre or bizarre, a passionately coloured or mystically tinted conception of life and love and death. The fashion of 'metaphysical' wit remains in Cowley's poems when the spirit that gave it colour and music is gone. Yet Cowley's poetry is not merely frigid and fantastic. The mind and temper which his delightful essays, and the poems which accompany them, express has its own real charm—a mind of shy sensitiveness and clear good sense. It was by a natural affinity that Cowley's poetry appealed to Cowper.



Selections from  
**ABRAHAM COWLEY**

## SYLVA

### *On the Praise of Poetry.*

'Tis not a *Pyramide* of Marble stone,  
Though high as our ambition ;  
'Tis not a Tomb cut out in Brass, which can  
Give life to th'ashes of a man,  
But Verses only ; they shall fresh appear, 5  
Whilst there are men to read, or hear.  
When Time shall make the lasting Brass decay,  
And eat the *Pyramide* away,  
Turning that Monument wherein men trust  
Their names, to what it keeps, poor dust : 10  
Then shall the *Epitaph* remain, and be  
New graven in Eternity.  
*Poets* by Death are conquered, but the *wit*  
Of *Poets* triumph over it.  
What cannot Verse ? When *Thracian Orpheus* took 15  
His Lyre, and gently on it strook,  
The learned stones came dancing all along,  
And kept time to the charming Song.  
With artificial pace the Warlike *Pine*,  
Th'*Elm*, and his Wife the *Ivy twine*, 20  
With all the better trees, which erst had stood  
Unmov'd, forsook their native Wood.  
The *Lawrel* to the *Poets* hand did bow,  
Craving the honour of his Brow :  
And every loving arm embrac'd, and made 25  
With their officious leaves a shade.  
The Beasts too strove his auditors to be,  
Forgetting their old tyranny.  
The fearful *Hart* next to the *Lion* came,  
And *Wolf* was *Shepherd* to the *Lamb*. 30

*Nightingales*, harmless *Syrens* of the air,  
 And *Muses* of the place, were there.  
 Who when their little windpipes they had found  
 Unequal to so strange a sound,  
 O'recome by art and grief they did expire, 35  
 And fell upon the conquering Lyre.  
 Happy, O happy they, whose Tomb might be,  
*Mausolus*, envied by thee!

*Upon the shortness of Mans Life.*

MARK that swift Arrow how it cuts the air,  
 How it out-runs thy hunting eye,  
 Use all persuasions now, and try  
 If thou canst call it backe, or stay it there.  
 That way it went, but thou shalt find 5  
 No tract of 't left behind.  
 Fool, 'tis thy life, and the fond *Archer*, thou,  
 Of all the time thou'st shot away  
 I'le bid thee fetch but yesterday,  
 And it shall be too hard a task to do. 10  
 Besides repentance, what canst find  
 That it hath left behind?  
 Our life is carried with too strong a tide,  
 A doubtful *Cloud* our substance beares,  
 And is the *Horse* of all our years. 15  
 Each day doth on a winged *whirl-wind* ride.  
 We and our *Glass* run out, and must  
 Both render up our dust.  
 But his past life who without grief can see,  
 Who never thinks his end too near, 20  
 But says to *Fame*, thou art mine *Heir*:  
 That man extends lifes natural brevity;  
 This is, this is the only way  
 T'out-live *Nestor* in a day.

*To the Dutchess of Buckingham.*

If I should say, that in your face were seen  
 Natures best Picture of the *Cyprian* Queen;  
 If I should swear under *Minerva's* Name,  
*Poets* (who *Prophets* are) fore-told your fame,  
 The future age would think it flattery, 5  
 But to the present which can witness be,  
 'Twould seem beneath your high deserts as far,  
 As you above the rest of women are.

When *Mannors* name with *Villiers* joyn'd I see,  
 How do I reverence your Nobility! 10  
 But when the vertues of your Stock I view,  
 (Envi'd in your dead Lord, admir'd in you)  
 I half adore them: for what woman can  
 Besides your self (nay I might say what man)  
 Both Sex, and Birth, and Fate, and years excel 15  
 In Mind, in Fame, in Worth, in living well?

Oh, how had this begot Idolatry,  
 If you had liv'd in the Worlds Infancy,  
 When mans too much Religion, made the best  
 Or Deities, or Semi-gods at least? 20  
 But we, forbidden this by piety,  
 Or, if we were not, by your modesty,  
 Will make our hearts an Altar, and there pray  
 Not to, but for you, nor that *England* may  
 Enjoy your equal, when you once are gone, 25  
 But what's more possible, t'enjoy you long.

## MISCELLANIES

*The Chronicle.**A Ballad.*

## I.

*Margarita* first possest,  
 If I remember well, my brest,  
*Margarita* first of all;  
 But when a while the wanton Maid  
 With my restless Heart had plaid, 5  
*Martha* took the flying Ball.

## 2.

*Martha* soon did it resign  
 To the beauteous *Catharine*.  
 Beauteous *Catharine* gave place  
 (Though loth and angry she to part 10  
 With the possession of my Heart)  
 To *Elisa*'s conqu'ring face.

## 3.

*Elisa* till this Hour might reign  
 Had she not *Evil Counsels* ta'ne.  
*Fundamental Laws* she broke, 15  
 And still new *Favorites* she chose,  
 Till up in *Arms* my *Passions* rose,  
 And cast away her yoke.

## 4.

*Mary* then and gentle *Ann*  
 Both to reign at once began. 20  
 Alternately they sway'd,  
 And sometimes *Mary* was the *Fair*,  
 And sometimes *Ann* the *Crown* did wear,  
 And sometimes *Both* I obey'd.

## 6

## 5.

Another *Mary* then arose 25  
 And did rigorous Laws impose.  
 A mighty *Tyrant* she!  
 Long, alas, should I have been  
 Under that *Iron-Scepter'd Queen*,  
 Had not *Rebecca* set me free. 30

## 6.

When fair *Rebecca* set me free,  
 'Twas then a *golden Time* with me.  
 But soon those pleasures fled,  
 For the gracious Princess dy'd  
 In her Youth and Beauties pride, 35  
 And *Judith* reigned in her sted.

## 7.

One month, three Days, and half an Hour  
*Judith* held the *Sovereign Power*.  
 Wondrous beautiful her Face,  
 But so weak and small her Wit, 40  
 That she to govern was unfit,  
 And so *Susanna* took her place.

## 8.

But when *Isabella* came  
 Arm'd with a resistless flame  
 And th'Artillery of her Eye; 45  
 Whilst she proudly marcht about  
 Greater Conquests to find out,  
 She beat out *Susan* by the By.

## 9.

But in her place I then obey'd  
 Black-ey'd *Besse*, her *Viceroy-Maid*, 50  
 To whom ensu'd a *Vacancy*.



Thousand worse *Passions* then possest  
The *Interregnum* of my brest.

Bless me from such an *Anarchy*!

## 10.

Gentle *Henriette* than 55

And a third *Mary* next began,

Then *Jone*, and *Jane*, and *Audria*.

And then a pretty *Thomasine*,

And then another *Katharine*,

And then a *long Et cætera*. 60

## 11.

But should I now to you relate,

The strength and riches of their *state*,

The *Powder*, *Patches*, and the *Pins*,

The *Ribbons*, *Jewels*, and the *Rings*,

The *Lace*, the *Paint*, and *warlike things* 65

That make up all their *Magazins*:

## 12.

If I should tell the politick Arts

To take and keep mens hearts,

The Letters, Embassies, and Spies,

The Frowns, and Smiles, and Flatteries, 70

The Quarrels, Tears, and Perjuries,

Numberless, *Nameless Mysteries*!

## 13.

And all the *Little Lime-twigs* laid

By *Matchavil* the *Waiting-Maid*;

I more voluminous should grow 75

(Chiefly if I like them should tell

All Change of *Weathers* that befell)

Then *Holinshead* or *Stow*.

## 14.

But I will briefer with them be,  
 Since few of them were long with Me. 80  
 An higher and a nobler strain  
 My present *Emperess* does claim,  
*Heleonora, First o'th' Name;*  
 Whom *God* grant long to reign!

*Drinking.*

THE thirsty *Earth* soaks up the *Rain*,  
 And drinks, and gapes for drink again.  
 The *Plants* suck in the *Earth*, and are  
 With constant drinking fresh and fair.  
 The *Sea* it self, which one would think 5  
 Should have but little need of *Drink*,  
 Drinks ten thousand *Rivers* up,  
 So fill'd that they or'eflow the *Cup*.  
 The busie *Sun* (and one would guess  
 By's drunken fiery face no less) 10  
 Drinks up the *Sea*, and when h'as done,  
 The *Moon* and *Stars* drink up the *Sun*.  
 They drink and dance by their own light,  
 They drink and revel all the night.  
 Nothing in *Nature's Sober* found, 15  
 But an eternal *Health* goes round.  
 Fill up the *Bowl* then, fill it high,  
 Fill all the *Glasses* there, for why  
 Should every creature drink but *I*,  
 Why, *Man* of *Morals*, tell me why? 20

*The Account.*

WHEN all the *Stars* are by thee told,  
 (The endless Sums of heav'nly Gold)  
 Or when the *Hairs* are reckon'd all,  
 From sickly *Autumns Head* that fall,

Or when the drops that make the *Sea*, 5  
 Whilst all her *Sands* thy *Counters* be ;  
 Thou then, and Thou alone maist prove  
 Th' *Arithmetician* of my *Love*.  
 An hundred Loves at *Athens* score,  
 At *Corinth* write an hundred more. 10  
 Fair *Corinth* does such Beauties bear,  
 So few is an *Escaping* there.  
 Write then at *Chios* seventy three ;  
 Write then at *Lesbos* (let me see)  
 Write me at *Lesbos* ninety down, 15  
 Full ninety *Loves*, and half a One.  
 And next to these let me present,  
 The fair *Ionian Regiment*.  
 And next the *Carian Company*,  
 Five hundred both *Effectively*. 20  
 Three hundred more at *Rhodes* and *Crete* ;  
 Three hundred 'tis I'am sure *Complete*.  
 For arms at *Crete* each *Face* does bear,  
 And every *Eye's* an *Archer* there.  
 Go on ; this stop why dost thou make ? 25  
 Thou thinkst, perhaps, that I mistake.  
 Seems this to thee too great a *Summe* ?  
 Why many a *Thousand* are to come ;  
 The mighty *Xerxes* could not boast  
 Such different Nations in his Host. 30  
 On ; for my Love, if thou be'st weary,  
 Must find some better *Secretary*.  
 I have not yet my *Persian* told,  
 Nor yet my *Syrian Loves* enroll'd,  
 Nor *Indian*, nor *Arabian* ; 35  
 Nor *Cyprian* Loves, nor *African* ;  
 Nor *Scythian*, nor *Italian* flames ;  
 There's a whole *Map* behind of *Names*.

Of gentle Loves i'th' *temperate Zone*,  
 And cold ones in the *Frigid One*, 40  
 Cold frozen *Loves* with which I pine,  
 And parched *Loves* beneath the *Line*.

### *The Grasshopper.*

HAPPY *Insect*, what can be  
 In happiness compar'd to Thee?  
 Fed with nourishment divine,  
 The dewy *Mornings* gentle *Wine*!  
*Nature* waits upon thee still, 5  
 And thy verdant Cup does fill,  
 'Tis fill'd where ever thou dost tread,  
*Nature* selfe's thy *Ganimed*.  
 Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing;  
 Happier then the happiest *King*! 10  
 All the *Fields* which thou dost see,  
 All the *Plants* belong to *Thee*,  
 All that *Summer Hours* produce,  
 Fertile made with early juice.  
 Man for thee does sow and plow; 15  
*Farmer He*, and *Land-Lord Thou*!  
 Thou doest innocently joy;  
 Nor does thy *Luxury* destroy;  
 The *Shepherd* gladly heareth thee,  
 More *Harmonious* then *He*. 20  
 Thee Country *Hindes* with gladness hear,  
*Prophet* of the ripened year!  
 Thee *Phæbus* loves, and does inspire;  
*Phæbus* is himself thy *Sire*.  
 To thee of all things upon earth, 25  
*Life* is no longer then thy *Mirth*.  
 Happy *Insect*, happy Thou,  
 Dost neither *Age*, nor *Winter* know.

## II

But when thou'st drunk, and danc'd, and sung,  
 Thy fill, the flowry Leaves among, 30  
 (*Voluptuous, and Wise with all,*  
*Epicuræan Animal!*)  
 Sated with thy *Summer Feast*,  
 Thou retir'est to endless *Rest*.

### *Ode. Of Wit.*

#### I.

TELL me, O tell, what kind of thing is *Wit*,  
 Thou who *Master* art of it.  
 For the *First matter* loves *Variety* less;  
 Less *Women* love't, either in *Love* or *Dress*.  
 A thousand different shapes it bears, 5  
*Comely* in thousand shapes appears.  
 Yonder we saw it plain; and here 'tis now,  
 Like *Spirits* in a *Place*, we know not *How*.

#### 2.

*London* that vents of *false Ware* so much store,  
 In no *Ware* deceives us more. 10  
 For men led by the *Colour*, and the *Shape*,  
 Like *Zeuxes Birds* fly to the painted *Grape*;  
 Some things do through our Judgment pass  
 As through a *Multiplying Glass*.  
 And sometimes, if the *Object* be too far, 15  
 We take a *Falling Meteor* for a *Star*.

#### 3.

Hence 'tis a *Wit* that greatest *word* of *Fame*  
 Grows such a common Name.  
 And *Wits* by our *Creation* they become,  
 Just so, as *Tit'ular Bishops* made at *Rome*. 20

'Tis not a *Tale*, 'tis not a *Jest*  
 Admir'd with *Laughter* at a feast,  
 Nor florid *Talk* which can that *Title* gain;  
 The *Proofs* of *Wit* for ever must remain.

## 4.

'Tis not to force some lifeless *Verses* meet 25  
 With their five gowty feet.  
 All ev'ry where, like *Mans*, must be the *Soul*,  
 And *Reason* the *Inferior Powers* controul.  
 Such were the *Numbers* which could call  
 The *Stones* into the *Theban* wall. 30  
 Such *Miracles* are ceast; and now we see  
 No *Towns* or *Houses* rais'd by *Poetrie*.

## 5.

Yet 'tis not to adorn, and gild each part;  
 That shows more *Cost*, then *Art*.  
*Jewels* at *Nose* and *Lips* but ill appear; 35  
 Rather then *all things Wit*, let *none* be there.  
 Several *Lights* will not be seen,  
 If there be nothing else between.  
 Men doubt, because they stand so thick i'th' skie,  
 If those be *Stars* which paint the *Galaxie*. 40

## 6.

'Tis not when two like words make up one noise;  
 Jests for *Dutch Men*, and *English Boys*.  
 In which who finds out *Wit*, the same may see  
 In *An'agrams* and *Acrostiques Poetrie*.  
 Much less can that have any place 45  
 At which a *Virgin* hides her face,  
 Such *Dross* the *Fire* must purge away; 'tis just  
 The *Author blush*, there where the *Reader* must.

## 7.

'Tis not such *Lines* as almost crack the *Stage*  
 When *Bajazet* begins to rage. 50  
 Nor a tall *Meta'phor* in th'*Oxford way*,  
 Nor the dry chips of short-lung'd *Seneca*.  
 Nor upon all things to obtrude,  
 And force some odd *Similitude*.  
 What is it then, which like the *Power Divine* 55  
 We only can by *Negatives* define?

## 8.

In a true piece of *Wit* all things must be,  
 Yet all things there *agree*.  
 As in the *Ark*, joyn'd without force or strife,  
 All *Creatures* dwelt; all *Creatures* that had *Life*. 60  
 Or as the *Primitive Forms* of all  
 (If we compare great things with small)  
 Which without *Discord* or *Confusion* lie,  
 In that strange *Mirror* of the *Deitie*.

## 9.

But *Love* that moulds *One Man* up out of *Two*, 65  
 Makes me forget and injure you.  
 I took *you* for *my self* sure, when I thought  
 That you in any thing were to be *Taught*.  
 Correct my error with thy *Pen*;  
 And if any ask me then, 70  
 What thing right *Wit*, and height of *Genius* is,  
 I'll onely shew your *Lines*, and say, 'Tis *This*.

*To Sir William Davenant.*

*Upon his two first Books of Gondibert, finished before his  
 Voyage to America.*

METHINKS *Heroick Poesie* till now  
 Like some fantastick *Fairy Land* did show,

*Gods, Devils, Nymphs, Witches, and Gyants race,*  
*And all but Man in Mans chief work had place.*  
 Thou like some worthy *Knight* with sacred Arms 5  
 Dost drive the *Monsters* thence, and end the *Charms*.  
 Instead of those dost *Men* and *Manners* plant,  
 The things which that rich *Soil* did chiefly want.  
 Yet ev'en thy *Mortals* do their *Gods* excell,  
 Taught by thy *Muse* to *Fight* and *Love* so well. 10

By fatal hands whilst *present Empires* fall,  
 Thine from the *Grave past Monarchies* recall.  
 So much more thanks from humane kind does merit  
 The *Poets Fury*, then the *Zelots Spirit*.  
 And from the *Grave* thou mak'est this *Empire* rise, 15  
 Not like some dreadful *Ghost* t'affright our *Eyes*,  
 But with more *Luster* and triumphant state,  
 Then when it *crown'd* at proud *Verona* sate.  
 So will our *God* *rebuild* mans perisht frame,  
 And raise him up much *Better*, yet the *same*. 20  
 So *God-like Poets* do past things rehearse,  
 Not *change*, but *Heighten* Nature by their Verse.

With shame, methinks, great *Italy* must see  
 Her *Conqu'ers* rais'd to *Life* again by *Thee*.  
 Rais'd by such pow'rful Verse, that ancient *Rome* 25  
 May blush no less to see her *Wit* o'recome.  
 Some men their *Fancies* like their *Faith* derive,  
 And think all Ill but that which *Rome* does give.  
 The marks of *Old* and *Catholick* would find,  
 To the same *Chair* would *Truth* and *Fiction* bind. 30  
 Thou in those beaten pathes disdain'st to tread,  
 And scorn'st to *Live* by robbing of the *Dead*.  
 Since Time does all things change, thou think'st not fit  
 This latter *Age* should see *all New but Wit*.  
 Thy *Fancy* like a *Flame* its way does make, 35  
 And leave bright *Tracks* for following Pens to take.



Sure 'twas this noble boldness of the *Muse*  
 Did thy desire to seek new *Worlds* infuse,  
 And ne're did Heav'n so much a *Voyage* bless,  
 If thou canst *Plant* but *there* with like success. 40

*On the Death of Sir Henry Wootton.*

WHAT shall we say, since *silent* now is *He*  
 Who when he *Spoke*, all things would *Silent* be?  
 Who had so many *Languages* in store,  
 That only *Fame* shall speak of him in *More*.  
 Whom *England* now no more return'd must see. 5  
 He's gone to *Heav'n* on his *Fourth Embassie*.  
 On earth he travell'd often; not to say  
 H'had been abroad, or pass'd loose *Time* away.  
 In whatsoever Land he chanc'd to come,  
 He read the *Men* and *Manners*, bringing home 10  
 Their *Wisdom*, *Learning*, and their *Pietie*,  
 As if he went to *Conquer*, not to *See*.  
 So well he understood the most and best  
 Of *Tongues* that *Babel* sent into the *West*,  
 Spoke them so truly, that he had (you'd swear) 15  
 Not only *Liv'd*, but *been Born* every where.  
 Justly each *Nations* Speech to him was known,  
 Who for the *World* was made, not *us* alone.  
 Nor ought the *Language* of that Man be less  
 Who in his Breast had *all things* to *express*. 20  
 We say that *Learning's* endless, and blame Fate  
 For not allowing Life a longer date.  
 He did the utmost *Bounds* of *Knowledge* find,  
 He found them not so large as was his *Mind*.  
 But, like the brave *Pellæan Youth*, did mone 25  
 Because that *Art* had no more *worlds* then *One*.  
 And when he saw that he through all had past,  
 He *dy'd*, lest he should *Idle* grow at last.

*On the Death of Mr. William Hervey.*

*Immodicis brevis est ætas, & rara Senectus. Mart.*

I.

It was a dismal, and a fearful night,  
 Scarce could the Morn drive on th'unwilling Light,  
 When *Sleep, Deaths Image*, left my troubled brest,  
     By something *liker Death* possest.  
 My eyes with Tears did uncommanded flow, 5  
     And on my Soul hung the dull weight  
     Of some *Intolerable Fate*.  
 What Bell was that? Ah me! Too much I know.

2.

My sweet *Companion*, and my gentle *Peere*, 10  
 Why hast thou left me thus unkindly here,  
 Thy *end* for ever, and my *Life* to moan;  
     O thou hast left me all alone!  
 Thy *Soul* and *Body* when *Deaths Agonie*  
     Besieg'd around thy noble heart,  
     Did not with more reluctance part 15  
 Then *I*, my dearest *Friend*, do part from *Thee*.

3.

My dearest *Friend*, would I had dy'd for thee!  
*Life* and this *World* henceforth will tedious bee.  
 Nor shall I know hereafter what to do  
     If once my *Griefs* prove *tedious* too. 20  
 Silent and sad I walk about all day,  
     As sullen *Ghosts* stalk speechless by  
     Where their hid *Treasures* ly;  
 Alas, my *Treasure's* gone, why do I stay?

## 4.

He was my *Friend*, the truest *Friend* on earth ; 25  
 A strong and mighty *Influence* joyn'd our *Birth*.  
 Nor did we envy the most sounding *Name*  
     By *Friendship* giv'n of old to *Fame*.  
 None but his *Brethren* he, and *Sisters* knew,  
     Whom the kind youth preferr'd to Me ; 30  
     And ev'n in that we did agree,  
 For much above my self I lov'd them too.

## 5.

Say, for you saw us, ye immortal *Lights*,  
 How oft unweari'd have we spent the *Nights*?  
 Till the *Ledæan Stars* so fam'd for *Love*, 35  
     Wondred at us from above.  
 We spent them not in toys, in lusts, or wine ;  
     But search of deep *Philosophy*,  
     *Wit*, *Eloquence*, and *Poetry*,  
 Arts which I lov'd, for they, my *Friend*, were *Thine*. 40

## 6.

Ye fields of *Cambridge*, our dear *Cambridge*, say,  
 Have ye not seen us walking every day?  
 Was there a *Tree* about which did not know  
     The *Love* betwixt us two?  
 Henceforth, ye gentle *Trees*, for ever fade ; 45  
     Or your sad branches thicker joyn,  
     And into darksome shades combine,  
*Dark* as the *Grave* wherein my *Friend* is laid.

## 7.

Henceforth no learned *Youths* beneath you sing,  
 Till all the tuneful *Birds* to'your boughs they bring ; 50  
 No tuneful *Birds* play with their wonted cheer,  
     And call the learned *Youths* to hear,

No whistling *Winds* through the glad branches fly,  
 But all with sad solemnity,  
*Mute* and unmoved be, 55  
*Mute* as the *Grave* wherein my *Friend* does ly.

## 8.

To him my *Muse* made haste with every strain  
 Whilst it was new, and *warm* yet from the *Brain*.  
 He lov'd my worthless *Rhimes*, and like a *Friend*  
 Would find out something to commend. 60  
 Hence now, my *Muse*, thou canst not me delight ;  
 Be this my latest verse  
 With which I now adorn his *Herse*,  
 And this my *Grief*, without *thy* help shall write.

## 9.

Had I a wreath of *Bays* about my brow, 65  
 I should condemn that flourishing honor now,  
 Condemn it to the *Fire*, and joy to hear  
 It rage and crackle there.  
 Instead of *Bays*, crown with sad *Cypress* me ;  
*Cypress* which *Tombs* does beautifie ; 70  
 Not *Phæbus* griev'd so much as I  
 For him, who first was made that mournful *Tree*.

## 10.

Large was his *Soul* ; as large a *Soul* as ere  
 Submitted to *inform* a *Body* here.  
 High as the Place 'twas shortly'in *Heav'n* to have, 75  
 But low, and humble as his *Grave*.  
 So *high* that all the *Virtues* there did come  
 As to their chiefest seat  
 Conspicuous, and great ;  
 So *low* that for *Me* too it made a room. 80

## 11.

He scorn'd this busie world below, and all  
 That we, *Mistaken Mortals*, Pleasure call;  
 Was fill'd with inn'ocent *Gallantry* and *Truth*,  
     Triumphant ore the sins of *Youth*.  
 He like the *Stars*, to which he now is gone,      85  
     That shine with beams like *Flame*,  
     Yet burn not with the same,  
 Had all the *Light* of *Youth*, of the *Fire* none.

## 12.

*Knowledge* he only sought, and so soon caught,  
 As if for him *Knowledge* had rather sought.      90  
 Nor did more *Learning* ever crowded lie  
     In such a short *Mortalitie*.  
 When ere the skilful *Youth* discourst or writ,  
     Still did the *Notions* throng  
     About his eloquent Tongue,      95  
 Nor could his *Ink* flow faster then his *Wit*.

## 13.

So strong a *Wit* did *Nature* to him frame,  
 As all things but his *Judgement* overcame;  
 His *Judgement* like the heav'nly *Moon* did show,  
     Temp'ring that mighty *Sea* below.      100  
 Oh had he liv'd in *Learnings World*, what bound  
     Would have been able to controul  
     His over-powering Soul?  
 We've lost in him *Arts* that not yet are *found*.

## 14.

His *Mirth* was the pure *Spirits* of various Wit,      105  
 Yet never did his *God* or *Friends* forget.  
 And when deep talk and wisdom came in view,  
     Retir'd and gave to them their due.

For the rich help of *Books* he always took,  
 Though his own searching mind before 110  
 Was so with *Notions* written ore  
 As if wise *Nature* had made that her *Book*.

## 15.

So many *Virtues* joyn'd in him, as we  
 Can scarce pick here and there in *Historie*.  
 More then old *Writers Practice* ere could reach, 115  
 As much as they could ever *teach*.  
 These did *Religion*, *Queen* of *Virtues* sway,  
 And all their sacred *Motions* steare,  
 Just like the First and *Highest Sphere*  
 Which wheels about, and turns all *Heav'n* one way. 120

## 16.

With as much Zeal, Devotion, Pietie,  
 He always *Liv'd*, as other Saints do *Dye*.  
 Still with his soul severe account he kept,  
 Weeping all *Debts* out ere he slept.  
 Then down in peace and innocence he lay, 125  
 Like the *Suns* laborious light,  
 Which still in *Water* sets at Night,  
*Un sullied* with his *Journey* of the *Day*.

## 17.

Wondrous young Man, why wert thou made so good,  
 To be snatcht hence ere better *understood*? 130  
 Snatcht before half of thee enough was seen!  
*Thou Ripe*, and yet thy *Life* but *Green*!  
 Nor could thy Friends take their last sad Farewel,  
 But Danger and *Infectious Death*  
 Malitiously seiz'd on that Breath 135  
 Where *Life*, *Spirit*, *Pleasure* always us'd to dwell.

But happy Thou, ta'ne from this frantick age,  
Where *Igno'rance* and *Hypocrisie* does rage!

A fitter *time* for Heav'n no soul ere chose,

The place now onely free from those.

140

There 'mong the *Blest* thou dost for ever shine,

And wheresoere thou casts thy view

Upon that white and radiant crew,

See'st not a *Soul* cloath'd with more *Light* then *Thine*.

And if the glorious *Saints* cease not to know

145

Their wretched Friends who *fight* with *Life* below ;

Thy Flame to *Me* does still the same abide,

Onely more pure and rarifi'd.

There whilst immortal Hymns thou dost rehearse,

Thou dost with holy pity see

150

Our dull and earthly *Poesie*,

Where *Grief* and *Mis'ery* can be join'd with *Verse*.

### *On the Death of Mr. Crashaw.*

*Poet* and *Saint*! to thee alone are given

The two most sacred *Names* of *Earth* and *Heaven*.

The hard and rarest *Union* which can be

Next that of *Godhead* with *Humanitie*.

Long did the *Muses* banisht *Slaves* abide,

5

And built vain *Pyramids* to mortal pride ;

Like *Moses* Thou (though *Spells* and *Charms* withstand)

Hast brought them nobly home back to their *Holy Land*.

Ah wretched *We*, *Poets* of *Earth*! but *Thou*

Wert *Living* the same *Poet* which thou'rt *Now*.

10

Whilst *Angels* sing to thee their ayres divine,

And joy in an applause so great as *thine*.

Equal society with them to hold,

Thou need'st not make *new Songs*, but say the *Old*.

And they (kind Spirits!) shall all reioyce to see 15  
 How little less then *They, Exalted Man* may be.  
 Still the old *Heathen Gods* in *Numbers* dwell,  
 The *Heav'enliest* thing on Earth still keeps up *Hell*.  
 Nor have we yet quite purg'd the *Christian Land*;  
 Still *Idols* here, like *Calves* at *Bethel* stand. 20

And though *Pans Death* long since all *Oracles* breaks,  
 Yet still in Rhyme the *Fiend Apollo* speaks:  
 Nay with the worst of Heathen dotage We  
 (Vain men!) the *Monster Woman Deifie*;  
 Find *Stars*, and tye our *Fates* there in a *Face*, 25  
 And *Paradise* in them by whom we *lost* it, place.  
 What different faults corrupt our *Muses* thus?  
*Wanton* as *Girles*, as *old Wives*, *Fabulous*!

Thy spotless *Muse*, like *Mary*, did contain  
 The boundless *Godhead*; she did well disdain 30  
 That her *eternal Verse* employ'd should be  
 On a less subject then *Eternitie*;  
 And for a sacred *Mistress* scorn'd to take,  
 But her whom *God* himself scorn'd not his *Spouse* to make.  
 It (in a kind) *her Miracle* did do; 35  
 A fruitful *Mother* was, and *Virgin* too.

\*How well (blest Swan) did Fate contrive thy death;  
 And made thee render up thy tuneful breath  
 In thy great *Mistress Arms*? thou most divine  
 And richest *Off'ering* of *Loretto's Shrine*! 40  
 Where like some holy *Sacrifice* t'expire,  
 A *Fever* burns thee, and *Love* lights the *Fire*.  
*Angels* (they say) brought the fam'ed *Chappel* there,  
 And bore the sacred Load in Triumph through the air.  
 'Tis surer much they brought thee there, and *They*, 45  
 And *Thou*, their charge, went *singing* all the way.

\* Mr. *Crashaw* died of a Fever at *Loretto*, being newly chosen Canon of that Church.



Pardon, my *Mother Church*, if I consent  
 That *Angels* led him when from thee he went,  
 For even in *Error* sure no *Danger* is  
 When joyn'd with so much *Piety* as *His*. 50  
 Ah, mighty *God*, with shame I speak't, and grief,  
 Ah that our greatest *Faults* were in *Belief*!  
 And our weak *Reason* were ev'en weaker yet,  
 Rather then thus our *Wills* too strong for it.  
 His *Faith* perhaps in some nice Tenents might 55  
 Be wrong; his *Life*, I'm sure, was *in the right*.  
 And I my self a *Catholick* will be,  
 So far at least, great *Saint*, to *Pray* to thee.

Hail, *Bard Triumphant*! and some care bestow  
 On us, the *Poets Militant* below! 60  
 Oppos'd by our old En'emy, adverse *Chance*,  
 Attacqu'ed by *Envy*, and by *Ignorance*,  
 Enchain'd by *Beauty*, tortur'd by *Desires*,  
 Expos'd by *Tyrant-Love* to savage *Beasts* and *Fires*.  
 Thou from low earth in nobler *Flames* didst rise, 65  
 And like *Elijah*, mount *Alive* the skies.  
*Elisha*-like (but with a wish much less,  
 More fit thy *Greatness*, and my *Littleness*)  
 Lo here I beg (I whom thou once didst prove  
 So humble to *Esteem*, so Good to *Love*) 70  
 Not that thy *Spirit* might on me *Doubled* be,  
 I ask but *Half* thy mighty *Spirit* for Me.  
 And when my *Muse* soars with so strong a Wing,  
 'Twill learn of things *Divine*, and first of *Thee* to sing.

## THE MISTRESS

*The Spring.*

## I.

THOUGH you be absent here, I needs must say  
 The *Trees* as beauteous are, and *flowers* as gay,  
 As ever they were wont to be ;  
 Nay the *Birds* rural musick too  
 Is as melodious and free, 5  
 As if they sung to pleasure you:  
 I saw a *Rose-Bud* o'pe this morn ; I'll swear  
 The blushing *Morning* open'd not more fair.

## 2.

How could it be so fair, and you away ?  
 How could the *Trees* be beauteous, *Flowers* so gay ? 10  
 Could they remember but last year,  
 How *you* did *Them*, *They* you delight,  
 The sprouting leaves which saw you here,  
 And call'd their *Fellows* to the sight,  
 Would, looking round for the same sight in vain, 15  
 Creep back into their silent *Barks* again.

## 3.

Where ere you walk'd trees were as reverend made,  
 As when of old *Gods* dwelt in every shade.  
 Is't possible they should not know,  
 What loss of honor they sustain, 20  
 That thus they smile and flourish now,  
 And still their former pride retain ?  
 Dull *Creatures* ! 'tis not without Cause that she,  
 Who fled the *God of wit*, was made a *Tree*.

## 4.

In ancient times sure they much wiser were, 25  
 When they rejoyc'd the *Thracian* verse to hear;  
 In vain did *Nature* bid them stay,  
 When *Orpheus* had his song begun,  
 They call'd their wondring *roots* away,  
 And bad them silent to him run. 30  
 How would those learned trees have followed you?  
 You would have drawn *Them*, and their *Poet* too.

## 5.

But who can blame them now? for, since you're gone,  
 They're here the *only Fair*, and *Shine alone*.  
 You did their *Natural Rights* invade; 35  
 Where ever you did walk or sit,  
 The thickest Boughs could make no *shade*,  
 Although the Sun had granted it:  
 The fairest *Flowers* could please no more, neer you,  
 Then *Painted Flowers*, set next to them, could do. 40

## 6.

When e're then you come hither, that shall be  
 The time, which this to others is, to *Me*.  
 The little joys which here are now,  
 The name of Punishments do bear;  
 When by their sight they let us know 45  
 How we depriv'd of greater are.  
 'Tis you the best of *Seasons* with you bring;  
 This is for *Beasts*, and that for *Men* the *Spring*.

*The Change.*

## I.

LOVE in her Sunny Eyes does basking play ;  
*Love* walks the pleasant Mazes of her Hair ;  
*Love* does on both her Lips for ever stray ;  
 And *sows* and *reaps* a thousand *kisses* there.  
 In all her outward parts *Love's* always seen ; 5  
 But, oh, He never went within.

## 2.

Within *Love's* foes, his greatest foes abide,  
 Malice, Inconstancy, and Pride.  
 So the Earths face, Trees, Herbs, and Flowers do dress,  
 With other beauties numberless : 10  
 But at the *Center*, *Darkness* is, and *Hell* ;  
 There wicked *Spirits*, and there the *Damned* dwell.

## 3.

With me alas, quite contrary it fares ;  
*Darkness* and *Death* lies in my weeping eyes,  
 Despair and Paleness in my face appears, 15  
 And Grief, and Fear, *Love's* greatest enemies ;  
 But, like the *Persian Tyrant*, *Love* within  
 Keeps his proud *Court*, and ne're is seen.

## 4.

Oh take *my Heart*, and by that means you'll prove  
 Within, too, stor'd enough of *Love* : 20  
 Give me but Yours, I'll by that change so thrive,  
 That *Love* in all my parts shall live.  
 So powerful is this change, it render can,  
 My *outside Woman*, and your *inside Man*.

*The Wish.*

## I.

WELL then ; I now do plainly see,  
 This busie world and I shall ne're agree ;  
 The very *Honey* of all earthly joy  
 Does of all meats the soonest *cloy*,  
 And they (methinks) deserve my pity, 5  
 Who for it can endure the stings,  
 The *Crowd*, and *Buz*, and *Murmurings*  
 Of this great *Hive*, the *City*.

## 2.

Ah, yet, e're I descend to th'Grave  
 May I a *small House*, and *large Garden* have! 10  
 And a *few Friends*, and *many Books*, both true,  
 Both wise, and both delightful too!  
 And since *Love* ne're will from me flee,  
 A *Mistress* moderately fair,  
 And good as *Guardian-Angels* are, 15  
 Only belov'd, and loving me!

## 3.

Oh, *Fountains*, when in you shall I  
 My self, eas'd of unpeaceful thoughts, espy?  
 Oh *Fields*! Oh *Woods*! when, when shall I be made  
 The happy *Tenant* of your shade? 20  
 Here's the Spring-head of *Pleasures* flood ;  
 Here's wealthy *Natures Treasury*  
 Where all the *Riches* lie, that she  
 Has coyn'd and stamp't for good.

## 4.

*Pride* and *Ambition* here, 25  
 Only in *far fetcht Metaphors* appear ;  
 Here nought but *winds* can hurtful *Murmurs* scatter,  
 And nought but *Eccho* flatter.

The *Gods*, when they descended, hither  
 From Heav'en did always chuse their way ; 30  
 And therefore we may boldly say,  
 That 'tis the *way* too *thither*.

## 5.

How happy here should I,  
 And one dear *She* live, and embracing dy?  
*She* who is all the world, and can exclude 35  
 In *desarts Solitude*.

I should have then this only fear,  
 Lest men, when they my pleasures see,  
 Should hither throng to live like me,  
 And so make a *City* here. 40

*My Dyet.*

Now by *my Love*, the greatest *Oath* that is,  
 None loves you half as well as I:  
 I do not ask *your Love* for this;  
 But for Heave'ns sake *believe me*, or I dye.  
 No *Servant* e're but did deserve 5  
 His *Master* should believe that he does serve;  
 And I'll ask no more *wages*, though I *starve*.

'Tis no *luxurious Diet* this, and sure  
 I shall not by't too *Lusty* prove;  
 Yet shall it willingly endure, 10  
 If't can but keep together *Life* and *Love*.  
 Being your *Priso'ner* and your *slave*,  
 I do not *Feasts* and *Banquets* look to have,  
 A little *Bread* and *Water's* all I crave.

On'a *Sigh* of Pity I a year can live, 15  
 One *Tear* will keep me twenty'at least,  
 Fifty a gentle *Look* will give;  
 An hundred years on one *kind word* I'll feast:

A thousand more will added be,  
 If you an *Inclination* have for me; 20  
 And all beyond is vast *Eternity*.

### *Love and Life.*

#### I.

Now sure, within this twelve-month past,  
 I've *lov'd* at least some twenty years or more:  
 The account of *Love* runs much more fast  
 Than that, with which our *Life* does score:  
 So though my *Life* be *short*, yet I may prove 5  
 The great *Methusalem* of *Love*.

#### 2.

Not that *Loves* Hours or Minutes are  
 Shorter than those our *Being's* measur'd by:  
 But they're more close *compact'd* far,  
 And so in lesser room do lye. 10  
 Thin airy things extend themselves in space,  
 Things *solid* take up little place.

#### 3.

Yet *Love*, alas, and *Life* in Me,  
 Are not two several things, but purely one,  
 At once how can there in it be 15  
 A double *different Motion*?  
 O yes, there may: for so the self same *Sun*,  
 At once does slow and swiftly run.

#### 4.

Swiftly his *daily* journey'he goes,  
 But treads his *Annual* with a statelier pace, 20  
 And does three hundred Rounds enclose  
 Within one yearly Circles space.  
 At once with *double course* in the same *Sphære*,  
 He *runs* the *Day*, and *Walks* the *year*.

When *Soul* does to *my self* refer, 25  
 'Tis then my *Life*, and does but slowly move;  
 But when it does relate to her,  
 It swiftly flies, and then is *Love*.  
*Love's* my *Diurnal* course, divided right  
 'Twixt *Hope* and *Fear*, my *Day* and *Night*. 30

### *Against Hope.*

#### I.

*Hope*, whose weak *Being* ruin'd is,  
 Alike if it *succeed*, and if it *miss*;  
 Whom *Good* or *Ill* does equally confound,  
 And both the *Horns* of *Fates Dilemma* wound.  
 Vain *shadow*! which dost vanish quite, 5  
 Both at full *Noon*, and perfect *Night*!  
 The Stars have not a *possibility*  
 Of blessing Thee;  
 If things then from their *Ends* we happy call,  
 'Tis *Hope* is the most *Hopeless* thing of all. 10

#### 2.

*Hope*, thou bold *Taster* of Delight,  
 Who whilst thou shouldst but *tast*, *devour'st* it quite!  
 Thou bringst us an *Estate*, yet leav'st us *Poor*,  
 By clogging it with *Legacies* before!  
 The *Joys* which we *entire* should wed, 15  
 Come *deflower'd Virgins* to our bed;  
 Good fortunes without gain imported be,  
 Such mighty *Custom's* paid to Thee.  
 For *Joy*, like *Wine*, kept close does better tast;  
 If it take air before, its spirits wast. 20



## 3.

*Hope*, Fortunes cheating *Lottery*!  
 Where for one *prize* an hundred *blanks* there be;  
*Fond Archer, Hope*, who tak'st thy aim so far,  
 That still or *short*, or *wide* thine arrows are!  
     Thin, empty *Cloud*, which th'eye deceives                   25  
     With shapes that our own *Fancy* gives!  
 A *Cloud*, which gilt and painted now appears,  
     But must drop presently in *tears*!  
 When thy false beams o're *Reasons* light prevail,  
 By *Ignes fatui* for *North-Stars* we sail.                   30

## 4.

*Brother* of *Fear*, more gaily clad!  
 The *merr'ier Fool* o'th' two, yet quite as *Mad*:  
*Sire* of *Repentance*, *Child* of fond *Desire*!  
 That blow'st the *Chymicks*, and the *Lovers* fire!  
     Leading them still insensibly'on                   35  
     By the strange *witchcraft* of *Anon*!  
 By *Thee* the one does changing *Nature* through  
     Her endless *Labyrinths* pursue,  
 And th'other chases *Woman*, whilst She goes  
 More ways and turns than *hunted Nature* knows.                   40

*For Hope.*

## I.

*Hope*, of all Ills that men endure,  
 The only cheap and *Universal Cure*!  
 Thou *Captives* freedom, and Thou *sick Mans* Health!  
 Thou *Losers* *Victo'ry*, and thou *Beggars* wealth!  
     Thou *Manna*, which from Heav'n we eat,                   5  
     To every *Tast* a several *Meat*!  
 Thou strong *Retreat*! thou sure *entail'd Estate*,  
     Which nought has power to *alienate*!  
 Thou pleasant, *honest Flatterer*! for none  
*Flatter unhappy Men*, but thou alone!                   10

## 2.

*Hope*, thou *First-fruits* of *Happiness*!  
 Thou gentle *Dawning* of a bright *Success*!  
 Thou good *Prepar'ative*, without which our Joy  
 Does *work* too strong, and whilst it cures, destroy;  
     Who out of *Fortunes* reach dost stand, 15  
     And art a blessing *still in hand*!  
 Whilst *Thee*, her *Earnest-Money* we retain,  
     We certain are to gain,  
 Whether she her *bargain* break, or else fulfill;  
 Thou only *good*, not worse, for *ending* ill! 20

## 3.

*Brother* of *Faith*, 'twixt whom and *Thee*  
 The joys of *Heav'en* and *Earth* divided be!  
 Though *Faith* be *Heir*, and have the *fixt estate*,  
 Thy *Portion* yet in *Moveables* is great.  
     *Happiness* it self's all one 25  
     In *Thee*, or in *possession*!  
 Only the *Future's Thine*, the *present His*!  
     *Thine's* the more hard and noble bliss;  
 Best *apprehender* of our joys, which hast  
 So long a *reach*, and yet canst hold so *fast*! 30

## 4.

*Hope*, thou sad *Lovers* only *Friend*!  
 Thou *Way* that mayst dispute it with the *End*!  
 For *Love* I fear's a fruit that does delight  
 The *Tast* it self less than the *Smell and Sight*.  
     *Fruition* more deceitful is 35  
     Than *Thou* canst be, when thou dost *miss*;  
 Men leave thee by *obtaining*, and strait flee  
     Some other way again to *Thee*;  
 And that's a pleasant *Country*, without doubt,  
 To which all soon return that travel out. 40

## DAVIDEIS, BOOK I

*The Proposition. The Invocation.*

I SING the *Man* who *Judahs Scepter* bore  
 In that right hand which held the *Crook* before ;  
 Who from best *Poet*, best of *Kings* did grow,  
 The two chief *gifts Heav'n* could on *Man* bestow.  
 Much dangers first, much toil did he sustain, 5  
 Whilst *Saul* and *Hell* crost his strong fate in vain.  
 Nor did his *Crown* less painful work afford ;  
 Less exercise his *Patience*, or his *Sword* ;  
 So long her *Conqu'ror Fortunes* spight pursu'd ;  
 Till with unwearied *Virtue* he subdu'd 10  
 All homebred *Malice*, and all forreign boasts ;  
 Their strength was *Armies*, his the *Lord of Hosts*.

Thou who didst  *Davids* royal stem adorn,  
 And gav'st him *birth* from whom thy self wast *born*.<sup>1</sup>  
 Who didst in *Triumph* at *Deaths Court* appear, 15  
 And slew'st him with thy *Nails*, thy *Cross* and *Spear*,  
 Whilst *Hells* black *Tyrant* trembled to behold  
 The glorious light he forfeited of old,  
 Who Heavens *glad burthen* now, and justest pride,  
 Sit'st high enthron'd next thy great *Fathers* side, 20  
 (Where hallowed *Flames* help to adorn that Head  
 Which once the *blushing Thorns* environed,  
 Till crimson drops of precious *blood* hung down  
 Like *Rubies* to enrich thine *humble Crown*.)  
 Ev'n *Thou* my breast with such blest rage inspire, 25  
 As mov'd the tuneful strings of  *Davids Lyre*,  
 Guid my bold steps with thine old *trav'elling Flame*,<sup>2</sup>  
 In these untrodden paths to *Sacred Fame* ;  
 Lo, with *pure hands* thy heav'enly *Fire* to take,  
 My well-chang'd Muse I a chast *Vestal* make! 30

<sup>1</sup> Joh. 8. 58.<sup>2</sup> Exod. 13. 21.

From earths vain joys and loves soft witchcraft free,  
 I consecrate my *Magdalene* to Thee!  
 Lo, this great work, a *Temple* to thy praise,  
 On polisht *Pillars* of strong *Verse* I raise!  
 A *Temple*, where if *Thou* vouchsafe to dwell, 35  
 It *Solomons*, and *Herods* shall excel.  
 Too long the *Muses-Land* have *Heathen* bin;  
 Their *Gods* too long were *Dev'ls*, and *Vertues Sin*;  
 But *Thou*, *Eternal Word*, hast call'd forth *Me*  
 Th'*Apostle*, to convert that *World* to *Thee*; 40  
 T'unbind the charms that in slight *Fables* lie,  
 And teach that *Truth* is truest *Poesie*.

### *A Description of Hell.*

BENEATH the silent chambers of the earth,  
 Where the *Suns* fruitful beams give *metals* birth,  
 Where he the growth of *fatal Gold* does see,  
*Gold* which above more *Influence* has than *He*.  
 Beneath the dens where *unfletcht Tempests* lye, 5  
 And infant *Winds* their tender *Voyces* try,  
 Beneath the mighty *Oceans* wealthy *Caves*,  
 Beneath th'eternal *Fountain* of all *Waves*,  
 Where their vast *Court* the *Mother-waters* keep,  
 And undisturb'd by *Moons* in silence sleep, 10  
 There is a place deep, wondrous deep below,  
 Which genuine *Night* and *Horroure* does o'reflow;  
 No bound controls th'unwearied space, but *Hell*  
*Endless* as those dire *pains* that in it dwell.  
 Here no dear glimpse of the *Suns* lovely face, 15  
 Strikes through the *Solid* darkness of the place;  
 No dawning *Morn* does her kind reds display;  
 One slight weak beam would here be thought the *Day*.  
 No gentle *stars* with their fair *Gems* of *Light*  
 Offend the tyr'anous and unquestion'd *Night*. 20

Here *Lucifer* the mighty *Captive* reigns ;  
*Proud*, 'midst his *Woes*, and *Tyrant* in his *Chains*.  
 Once *General* of a gilded *Host* of *Sprights*,  
 Like *Hesper*, leading forth the spangled *Nights*,  
 But down like *Lightning*, which him struck, he came ; 25  
 And roar'd at his first plunge into the *Flame*.  
 Myriads of *Spirits* fell wounded round him there ;  
 With dropping *Lights* thick shone the singed *Air*.  
 Since when the dismal *Solace* of their wo,  
 Has only been weak *Mankind* to undo ; 30  
*Themselves* at first against *themselves* they'excite,  
 (Their dearest *Conquest*, and most proud delight)  
 And if those *Mines* of secret *Treason* fail,  
 With open force mans *Vertue* they assail ;  
 Unable to *corrupt*, seek to *destroy* ; 35  
 And where their *Poysons* miss, the *Sword* employ.  
 Thus sought the *Tyrant Fiend* young  *Davids* fall ;  
 And 'gainst him arm'd the pow'eful rage of *Saul*.

### *A Description of Heaven.*

ABOVE the subtle foldings of the Sky,  
 Above the well-set *Orbs* soft *Harmony*,  
 Above those petty *Lamps* that guild the *Night* ;  
 There is a place o'reflown with hallowed *Light* ;  
 Where *Heaven*, as if it left it self behind, 5  
 Is stretcht out far, nor its own *bounds* can find :  
 Here *peaceful Flames* swell up the sacred place,  
 Nor can the glory contain it self in th'endless space.  
 For there no twilight of the *Suns* dull ray  
 Glimmers upon the pure and native day. 10  
 No pale-fac'd *Moon* does in stoln beams appear,  
 Or with dim *Taper* scatters *darkness* there.  
 On no smooth *Sphear* the restless *seasons* slide,  
 No circling *Motion* doth swift *Time* divide ;

Nothing is there *To come*, and nothing *Past*, 15  
 But an *Eternal Now* does always last.  
 There sits th' *Almighty*, *First* of all, and *End*;  
 Whom nothing but *Himself* can comprehend.  
 Who with his *Word* commanded *All* to *Be*,  
 And *All* obey'd him, for that *Word* was *He*. 20  
 Only he spoke, and every thing that *Is*  
 From out the womb of *fertile Nothing* ris.  
 Oh who shall tell, who shall describe thy throne,  
 Thou great *Three-One*?  
 There Thou thy self do'st in full presence show, 25  
 Not absent from these meaner *Worlds* below;  
 No, if thou wert, the *Elements League* would cease,  
 And all thy *Creatures* break thy *Natures* peace.  
 The *Sun* would stop his course, or gallop back,  
 The *Stars* drop out, the *Poles* themselves would crack: 30  
*Earths* strong foundations would be torn in twain,  
 And this vast work all ravel out again  
 To its first *Nothing*; For his *spirit* contains  
 The well-knit *Mass*, from him each *Creature* gains  
*Being* and *Motion*, which he still bestows; 35  
 From him th' *effect* of our weak *Action* flows.  
 Round him vast *Armies* of swift *Angels* stand,  
 Which seven triumphant *Generals* command,  
 They sing loud anthems of his endless praise,  
 And with fixt eyes drink in immortal rayes. 40

### *A Digression concerning Musick.*

TELL me, oh *Muse* (for *Thou*, or *none* canst tell  
 The mystick pow'ers that in blest *Numbers* dwell,  
 Thou their great *Nature* know'st, nor is it fit  
 This noblest *Gem* of thine own *Crown* t'omit)  
 Tell me from whence these heav'nly charms arise; 5  
 Teach the dull world *t'admire* what they *despise*.

As first a various uniform'd *Hint* we find  
 Rise in some god-like *Poets* fertile *Mind*,  
 Till all the parts and words their places take,  
 And with just marches *verse* and *musick* make; 10  
 Such was *Gods Poem*, this *Worlds* new *Essay*;  
 So wild and rude in its first draught it lay;  
 Th'ungovern'd parts no *Correspondence* knew,  
 An artless *war* from thwarting *Motions* grew;  
 Till they to *Number* and fixt *Rules* were brought 15  
 By the *eternal Minds Poetique Thought*.  
*Water* and *Air* he for the *Tenor* chose,  
*Earth* made the *Base*, the *Treble Flame* arose,  
 To th'active *Moon* a quick brisk stroke he gave,  
 To *Saturns string* a touch more soft and grave, 20  
 The *motions Strait*, and *Round*, and *Swift*, and *Slow*,  
 And *Short*, and *Long*, were mixt and woven so,  
 Did in such artful *Figures* smoothly fall,  
 As made this decent measur'd *Dance* of *All*.  
 And this is *Musick*; *Sounds* that charm our ears, 25  
 Are but one *Dressing* that rich *Science* wears.  
 Though no man hear't, though no man it rehearse,  
 Yet will there still be *Musick* in my *Verse*.  
 In this *Great World* so much of it we see;  
 The *Lesser, Man*, is all o're *Harmonie*. 30  
*Storehouse* of all *Proportions*! single *Quire*!  
 Which first *Gods Breath* did tunefully inspire!  
 From hence blest *Musicks* heav'enly charms arise,  
 From *sympathy* which *Them* and *Man* allies.

## PINDARIQUE ODES, ETC.

*The Praise of Pindar.*

In Imitation of *Horace* his second *Ode*, B. 4.

*Pindarum quisquis studet æmulari, &c.*

## I.

*Pindar* is imitable by none;  
 The *Phœnix Pindar* is a vast *Species alone*.  
 Who e're but *Dædalus* with waxen wings could fly  
 And neither *sink* too low, nor *soar* too high?  
     What could he who *follow'd* claim, 5  
 But of vain *boldness* the unhappy fame,  
     And by his fall a *Sea* to name?  
     *Pindars unnavigable Song*  
 Like a swoln *Flood* from some steep *Mountain* pours along.  
     The *Ocean* meets with such a *Voice* 10  
 From his enlarged *Mouth*, as drowns the *Oceans* noise.

## 2.

So *Pindar* does new *Words* and *Figures* roul  
 Down his impetuous *Dithyrambique Tide*,  
     Which in no *Channel* deigns t'abide,  
     Which neither *Banks* nor *Dikes* controul. 15  
     Whether th'*Immortal Gods* he sings  
     In a no less *Immortal strain*,  
 Or the great Acts of *God-descended Kings*,  
 Who in his Numbers still survive and *Reign*.  
     Each rich embroidered *Line*, 20  
     Which their triumphant *Brows* around,  
     By his sacred *Hand* is bound,  
 Does all their *starry Diadems* outshine.



## 3.

Whether at *Pisa's* race he please  
 To *carve* in polisht *Verse* the *Conque'rors Images*, 25  
 Whether the *Swift*, the *Skilful*, or the *Strong*,  
 Be crowned in his *Nimble*, *Artful*, *Vigorous* Song:  
 Whether some brave young mans untimely fate  
 In words worth *Dying for* he celebrate,  
     Such *mournful*, and such *pleasing* words, 30  
 As *joy* to 'his *Mothers* and his *Mistress grief* affords:  
     He bids him *Live* and *Grow* in fame,  
     Among the *Stars* he sticks his *Name*:  
 The *Grave* can but the *Dross* of him devour,  
 So *small* is *Deaths*, so *great* the *Poets* power. 35

## 4.

Lo, how th'obsequious *Wind*, and swelling *Ayr*  
     The *Theban Swan* does upwards bear  
 Into the *walks* of *Clouds*, where he does play,  
 And with extended *Wings* opens his liquid way.  
     Whilst, alas, my *tim'rous Muse* 40  
     *Unambitious* tracks pursues;  
 Does with weak unballast wings,  
 About the *mossy Brooks* and *Springs*;  
 About the *Trees* new-blossom'ed *Heads*,  
 About the *Gardens* painted *Beds*, 45  
 About the *Fields* and flowry *Meads*,  
 And all *inferiour beauteous things*  
     Like the laborious *Bee*,  
     For little drops of *Honey* flee,  
 And there with *Humble Sweets* contents her *Industrie*. 50

*The Muse.*

## I.

Go, the rich *Chariot* instantly prepare ;  
 The *Queen*, my *Muse*, will take the air ;  
 Unruly *Phansie* with strong *Judgment* trace,  
 Put in nimble-footed *Wit*,  
 Smooth-pac'ed *Eloquence* joyn with it, 5  
 Sound *Memory* with young *Invention* place,  
 Harness all the *winged race*.  
 Let the *Postillion Nature* mount, and let  
 The *Coachman Art* be set.  
 And let the airy *Footmen* running all beside, 10  
 Make a long row of goodly *pride*.  
*Figures, Conceits, Raptures, and Sentences*  
 In a well-worded *dress*.  
 And *innocent Loves*, and *pleasant Truths*, and *useful Lies*,  
 In all their gaudy *Liveries*. 15  
 Mount, glorious *Queen*, thy *travelling Throne*,  
 And bid it to put on ;  
 For *long*, though *cheerful*, is the *way*,  
 And *Life*, alas, allows but one ill *winters Day*.

## 2.

Where never *Foot of Man*, or *Hoof of Beast*, 20  
 The passage prest,  
 Where never *Fish* did *fly*,  
 And with short silver *wings* cut the low liquid *Sky*.  
 Where *Bird* with painted *Oars* did nere  
 Row through the trackless *Ocean* of the *Air*. 25  
 Where never yet did pry  
 The busie *Mornings* curious *Ey*:  
 The *Wheels* of thy bold *Coach* pass quick and free ;  
 And all's an *open Road* to *Thee*.

Whatever *God* did *Say*, 30  
 Is all thy plain and smooth, uninterrupted *way*.  
 Nay ev'n beyond his *works* thy *Voyages* are known,  
 Thou' hast thousand *worlds* too of thine *own*.  
 Thou speakst, great *Queen*, in the same *stile* as *He*,  
 And a *New world* leaps forth when *Thou* say'st, *Let it Be*. 35

## 3.

Thou fadom'est the deep *Gulf* of *Ages* past,  
 And canst pluck up with ease  
 The *years* which Thou dost please,  
 Like shipwrackt *Treasures* by rude *Tempests* cast  
 Long since into the *Sea*, 40  
 Brought up again to *light* and publique *Use* by Thee.  
 Nor dost thou only *Dive* so low,  
 But *Fly*  
 With an unwearied *Wing* the other way on high,  
 Where *Fates* among the *Stars* do grow ; 45  
 There into the close *Nests* of *Time* do'st peep,  
 And there with piercing *Eye*,  
 Through the firm *shell*, and the thick *White* do'st spie,  
*Years to come* a forming lie,  
 Close in their *sacred Secondine* asleep, 50  
 Till *hatcht* by the *Suns* vital heat  
 Which o're them yet does *brooding* set  
 They *Life* and *Motion* get,  
 And *ripe* at last with vigorous might  
 Break through the *Shell*, and take their everlasting *Flight*. 55

## 4.

And sure we may  
 The same too of the *Present* say,  
 If *Past*, and *Future Times* do thee obey.  
 Thou stopst this *Current*, and dost make

This running *River* settle like a *Lake*, 60  
 Thy certain hand holds fast this slippery *Snake*.  
     The *Fruit* which does so quickly wast,  
     Men scarce can see it, much less *tast*,  
 Thou *Comfitest* in *Sweets* to make it *last*.  
     This shining piece of *Ice* 65  
     Which melts so soon away  
     With the *Suns* ray,  
 Thy *Verse* does solidate and *Chrystallize*,  
     Till it a lasting *Mirror* be.  
     Nay thy *Immortal Rhyme* 70  
     Makes this one short *Point* of *Time*,  
 To fill up half the *Orb* of *Round Eternity*.

### To Mr. Hobs.

#### I.

VAST *Bodies* of *Philosophie*  
 I oft have seen, and read,  
     But all are *Bodies Dead*,  
     Or *Bodies* by *Art* fashioned;  
 I never yet the *Living Soul* could see, 5  
     But in thy *Books* and *Thee*.  
     'Tis onely *God* can know  
 Whether the fair *Idea* thou dost show  
 Agree intirely with his *own* or no.  
     This I dare boldly tell, 10  
     'Tis so *like Truth* 'twill serve our turn as well.  
 Just, as in *Nature* thy *Proportions* be,  
 As full of *Concord* their *Varietie*,  
 As *firm* the parts upon their *Center* rest,  
 And all so *Solid* are that they at least 15  
 As much as *Nature*, *Emptiness* detest.

Long did the mighty *Stagirite* retain  
 The *universal Intellectual reign*,  
 Saw his own Countreys short-liv'd *Leopard* slain ;  
 The stronger *Roman-Eagle* did out-fly, 20  
 Oftner *renewed* his *Age*, and saw that *Dy*.  
*Mecha* it self, in spite of *Mahumet* possess,  
 And chas'ed by a wild *Deluge* from the *East*,  
 His *Monarchy* new planted in the *West*.  
 But as in time each great imperial race 25  
 Degenerates, and gives some new one place:  
     So did this noble *Empire* wast,  
     Sunk by degrees from glories past,  
 And in the *School-mens* hands it perisht quite at last.  
     Then nought but *Words* it grew, 30  
     And those all *Barba'rous* too.  
 It *perisht*, and it *vanisht* there,  
 The *Life* and *Soul* breath'd out, became but empty *Air*.

The *Fields* which answer'd well the *Ancients Plow*,  
 Spent and out-worn return no *Harvest* now, 35  
 In barren *Age* wild and unglorious lie,  
     And boast of *past Fertilite*,  
 The *poor relief* of *Present Povertie*.  
     *Food* and *Fruit* we now must want  
     Unless new *Lands* we *plant*. 40  
 We break up *Tombs* with *Sacrilegious hands* ;  
     Old *Rubbish* we remove ;  
 To walk in *Ruines*, like vain *Ghosts*, we love,  
     And with fond *Divining Wands*  
     We search among the *Dead* 45  
     For *Treasures Buried*,  
 Whilst still the *Liberal Earth* does hold  
 So many *Virgin Mines* of *undiscover'd Gold*.

## 4.

The *Baltique*, *Euxin*, and the *Caspian*,  
 And slender-limb'ed *Mediterranean*, 50  
 Seem narrow *Creeks* to *Thee*, and only fit  
 For the poor wretched *Fisher-boats* of *Wit*.  
 Thy nobler *Vessel* the vast *Ocean* tries,  
 And nothing sees but *Seas* and *Skies*,  
 Till unknown *Regions* it describes, 55  
 Thou great *Columbus* of the *Golden Lands* of new *Philosophies*.  
 Thy task was harder much then his,  
 For thy learn'd *America* is  
 Not onely found out first by *Thee*,  
 And rudely left to *Future Industrie*, 60  
 But thy *Eloquence* and thy *Wit*,  
 Has *planted*, *peopled*, *built*, and *civiliz'd* it.

## 5.

I little thought before,  
 (Nor being my *own self* so *poor*  
 Could comprehend so vast a *store*) 65  
 That all the *Wardrobe* of rich *Eloquence*,  
 Could have afforded half enuff,  
 Of *bright*, of *new*, and *lasting* stuff,  
 To cloath the mighty *Limbs* of thy *Gigantique Sence*.  
 Thy solid *Reason* like the *shield* from Heaven 70  
 To the *Trojan Heroe* given,  
 Too strong to take a mark from any mortal dart,  
 Yet shines with *Gold* and *Gems* in every part,  
 And *Wonders* on it grav'd by the learn'd hand of *Art*,  
 A *shield* that gives delight 75  
 Even to the *enemies* sight,  
 Then when they're sure to *lose* the *Combat* by't.

Nor can the *Snow* which now cold *Age* does shed  
 Upon thy reverend Head,  
 Quench or allay the noble *Fires* within, 80  
     But all which thou hast *bin*,  
     And all that *Youth* can be thou'rt yet,  
     So fully still dost Thou  
 Enjoy the *Manhood*, and the *Bloom* of *Wit*,  
 And all the *Natural Heat*, but not the *Feaver* too. 85  
 So *Contraries* on *Ætna's* top conspire,  
 Here hoary *Frosts*, and by them breaks out *Fire*.  
 A secure *peace* the *faithful Neighbors* keep,  
 Th'emboldned *Snow* next to the *Flame* does *sleep*.  
     And if we weigh, like *Thee*, 90  
     *Nature*, and *Causes*, we shall see  
     That thus it *needs must be*,  
 To things *Immortal Time* can do no wrong,  
 And that which never is to *Dye*, for ever must be *Young*.

### *Destinie.*

*Hoc quoque Fatale est sic ipsum expendere Fatum. Manil.*

#### I.

*Strange* and *unnatural*! lets stay and see  
     This *Pageant* of a *Prodigie*.  
 Lo, of themselves th'enlivened *Chesmen* move,  
 Lo, the unbred, ill-organ'd *Pieces* prove,  
     As full of *Art*, and *Industrie*, 5  
     Of *Courage* and of *Policie*,  
 As *we our selves* who think ther's nothing *Wise* but *We*.  
     Here a proud *Pawn* I admire  
     That still advancing higher  
     At top of all became 10  
     Another *Thing* and *Name*.

Here I'm amaz'd at th'actions of a *Knight*,  
 That does bold wonders in the fight.  
 Here I the losing party blame  
 For those false *Moves* that break the *Game*, 15  
 That to their *Grave* the *Bag*, the conquered *Pieces* bring,  
 And above all, th'ill *Conduct* of the *Mated King*.

## 2.

What e're these *seem*, what e're *Philosophie*  
 And *Sense* or *Reason* tell (said I)  
 These Things have *Life*, *Election*, *Libertie*; 20  
 'Tis their own *Wisdom* molds their *State*,  
 Their *Faults* and *Virtues* make their *Fate*.  
 They do, they do (said I) but strait  
 Lo from my'enlightned Eyes the Mists and shadows fell  
 That hinder *Spirits* from being *Visible*. 25  
 And, lo, I saw *two Angels* plaid the *Mate*.  
 With *Man*, alas, no otherwise it proves,  
 An *unseen Hand* makes all their *Moves*.  
 And some are *Great*, and some are *Small*,  
 Some climb to *good*, some from *good Fortune* fall, 30  
 Some *Wisemen*, and some *Fools* we call,  
*Figures*, alas, of *Speech*, for *Desti'ny* plays us all.

## 3.

Me from the *womb* the *Midwife Muse* did take:  
 She cut my *Navel*, *washt me*, and mine *Head*  
 With her own *Hands* she *Fashioned*; 35  
 She did a *Covenant* with me make,  
 And *circumcis'd* my tender *Soul*, and thus she spake,  
 Thou of my *Church* shalt be,  
*Hate* and *renounce* (said she)  
*Wealth*, *Honor*, *Pleasures*, all the *World* for *Me*. 40  
 Thou neither great at *Court*, nor in the *War*,  
 Nor at th'*Exchange* shalt be, nor at the wrangling *Bar*.



Content thy self with the small *Barren Praise*,  
 That neglected *Verse* does raise.  
 She spake, and all my years to come 45  
 Took their unlucky *Doom*.  
 Their several ways of *Life* let others *chuse*,  
 Their several pleasures let them use,  
 But I was born for *Love*, and for a *Muse*.

## 4.

With *Fate* what boots it to contend? 50  
 Such I *began*, such *am*, and so must *end*.  
 The *Star* that did my *Being* frame,  
 Was but a *Lambent Flame*,  
 And some small *Light* it did dispence,  
 But neither *Heat* nor *Influence*. 55  
 No Matter, *Cowley*, let proud *Fortune* see,  
 That *thou* canst *her* despise no less then *she* does *Thee*.  
 Let all her gifts the portion be  
 Of Folly, Lust, and Flattery,  
 Fraud, Extortion, Calumnie, 60  
 Murder, Infidelitie,  
 Rebellion and Hypocrisie.  
 Do Thou not *grieve* nor *blush* to be,  
 As all th'inspired *tuneful Men*,  
 And all thy great *Forefathers* were from *Homer* down to  
*Ben*. 65

*The Resurrection.*

## I.

Nor *Winds* to *Voyagers* at Sea,  
 Nor *Showers* to *Earth* more necessary be,  
 (*Heav'ens* vital *seed* cast on the *womb* of *Earth*  
 To give the *fruitful Year* a *Birth*)  
 Then *Verse* to *Virtue*, which does do 5  
 The *Midwives* Office, and the *Nurses* too;

It *feeds* it strongly, and it *cloathes* it gay,  
 And when it dyes, with comely pride  
*Embalms* it, and erects a *Pyramide*  
 That never will decay 10  
 Till *Heaven* it self shall melt away,  
 And nought behind it stay.

## 2.

Begin the *Song*, and strike the *Living Lyre*;  
 Lo how the *Years to come*, a numerous and well-fitted  
*Quire*,  
 All hand in hand do decently advance, 15  
 And to my *Song* with smooth and equal measures *dance*.  
 Whilst the *dance* lasts, how long so e're it be,  
 My *Musicks* voyce shall bear it companie,  
 Till all *gentle Notes* be drown'd  
 In the *last Trumpets* dreadful sound. 20  
 That to the *Spheres* themselves shall *silence* bring,  
 Untune the *Universal String*.  
 Then all the wide extended *Sky*,  
 And all th'*harmonious Worlds* on high,  
 And *Virgils* sacred *work* shall dy. 25  
 And he himself shall see in one *Fire* shine  
 Rich *Natures* ancient *Troy*, though built by *Hands Divine*.

## 3.

Whom *Thunders* dismal noise,  
 And all that *Prophets* and *Apostles* louder spake,  
 And all the *Creatures* plain *conspiring voyce*, 30  
 Could not whilst they *liv'ed*, awake,  
 This mightier sound shall make  
 When *Dead* t'arise,  
 And open *Tombs*, and open *Eyes*  
 To the long *Sluggards* of five thousand years. 35  
 This *mightier Sound* shall *make* its *Hearers Ears*.

Then shall the scatter'ed *Atomes* crowding come  
 Back to their *Ancient Home*,  
 Some from *Birds*, from *Fishes* some,  
 Some from *Earth*, and some from *Seas*, 40  
 Some from *Beasts*, and some from *Trees*.  
 Some descend from *Clouds* on high,  
 Some from *Metals* upwards fly,  
 And where th'*attending Soul* naked, and shivering stands,  
 Meet, salute, and joyn their hands. 45  
 As disperst *Souldiers* at the *Trumpets* call,  
 Hast to their *Colours* all.  
*Unhappy* most, like *Tortur'd Men*,  
 Their *Joynts* new set, to be new rackt agen.  
 To *Mountains* they for *shelter* pray, 50  
 The *Mountains* shake, and run about no less *confus'd* then  
*They*.

## 4.

Stop, stop, my *Muse*, allay thy vig'orous heat,  
 Kindled at a *Hint* so Great.  
 Hold thy *Pindarique Pegasus* closely in,  
 Which does to *rage* begin, 55  
 And this steep *Hill* would gallop up with violent course,  
 'Tis an unruly, and a *hard-Mouth'd Horse*,  
 Fierce, and unbroken yet,  
 Impatient of the *Spur* or *Bit*.  
 Now *praunces* stately, and anon *flies* o're the place, 60  
 Disdains the *servile Law* of any settled *pace*,  
*Conscious* and *proud* of his own *natural force*.  
 'Twill no *unskilful Touch* endure,  
 But flings *Writer* and *Reader* too that *sits* not *sure*.

*Hymn. To light.*

## I.

FIRST born of *Chaos*, who so fair didst come  
 From the old *Negro's* darksome womb!  
 Which when it saw the lovely Child,  
 The melancholly Mass put on kind looks and smil'd,

## 2.

Thou Tide of Glory which no Rest dost know, 5  
 But ever Ebb, and ever Flow!  
 Thou Golden shower of a true *Jove*!  
 Who does in thee descend, and Heav'n to Earth make Love!

## 3.

Hail active Natures watchful Life and Health!  
 Her Joy, her Ornament, and Wealth! 10  
 Hail to thy Husband Heat, and Thee!  
 Thou the worlds beauteous Bride, the lusty Bridegroom He!

## 4.

Say from what Golden Quivers of the Sky,  
 Do all thy winged Arrows fly?  
 Swiftneſs and Power by Birth are thine: 15  
 From thy Great Sire they came, thy Sire the word Divine.

## 5.

'Tis, I believe, this Archery to show,  
 That so much cost in Colours thou,  
 And skill in Painting dost bestow,  
 Upon thy ancient Arms, the Gawdy Heav'nly Bow. 20

## 6.

Swift as light Thoughts their empty Carriere run,  
 Thy Race is finisht, when begun,  
 Let a Post-Angel start with Thee,  
 And Thou the Goal of Earth shalt reach as soon as He:

## 7.

Thou in the Moons bright Chariot proud and gay,                   25  
     Dost thy bright wood of Stars survey;  
     And all the year dost with thee bring  
 Of thousand flowry Lights thine own Nocturnal Spring.

## 8.

Thou *Scythian*-like dost round thy Lands above  
     The Suns gilt Tent for ever move,   30  
     And still as thou in pomp dost go  
 The shining Pageants of the World attend thy show.

## 9.

Nor amidst all these Triumphs dost thou scorn  
     The humble Glow-worms to adorn,  
     And with those living spangles gild,   35  
 (O Greatness without Pride!) the Bushes of the Field.

## 10.

Night, and her ugly Subjects thou dost fright,  
     And sleep, the lazy Owl of Night;  
     Asham'd and fearful to appear  
 They skreen their horrid shapes with the black Hemi-  
     sphere.   40

## 11.

With 'em there hasts, and wildly takes the Alarm,  
     Of painted Dreams, a busie swarm,  
     At the first opening of thine eye,  
 The various Clusters break, the antick Atomes fly.

## 12.

The guilty Serpents, and obscener Beasts   45  
     Creep conscious to their secret rests:  
     Nature to thee does reverence pay,  
 Ill Omens, and ill Sights removes out of thy way.

## 13.

At thy appearance, Grief it self is said,  
 To shake his Wings, and rowse his Head. 50  
 And cloudy care has often took  
 A gentle beamy Smile reflected from thy Look.

## 14.

At thy appearance, Fear it self grows bold;  
 Thy Sun-shine melts away his Cold.  
 Encourag'd at the sight of Thee, 55  
 To the cheek Colour comes, and firmness to the knee.

## 15.

Even Lust the Master of a hardned Face,  
 Blushes if thou beest in the place,  
 To darkness' Curtains he retires,  
 In Sympathizing Night he rowls his smoaky Fires. 60

## 16.

When, Goddess, thou liftst up thy wakened Head,  
 Out of the Mornings purple bed,  
 Thy Quire of Birds about thee play,  
 And all the joyful world salutes the rising day.

## 17.

The Ghosts, and Monster Spirits, that did presume 65  
 A Bodies Priv'lege to assume,  
 Vanish again invisibly,  
 And Bodies gain agen their visibility.

## 18.

All the Worlds bravery that delights our Eyes  
 Is but thy sev'ral Liveries, 70  
 Thou the Rich Dy on them bestowest,  
 Thy nimble Pencil Paints this Landskape as thou go'st.

19.

A Crimson Garment in the Rose thou wear'st;  
 A Crown of studded Gold thou bear'st,  
 The Virgin Lillies in their White, 75  
 Are clad but with the Lawn of almost Naked Light.

20.

The Violet, springs little Infant, stands,  
 Girt in thy purple Swadling-bands:  
 On the fair Tulip thou dost dote;  
 Thou cloath'st it in a gay and party-colour'd Coat. 80

21.

With Flame condens't thou dost the Jewels fix,  
 And solid Colours in it mix:  
*Flora* her self envyes to see  
 Flowers fairer then her own, and durable as she.

22.

Ah, Goddess! would thou could'st thy hand withhold, 85  
 And be less Liberall to Gold;  
 Didst thou less value to it give,  
 Of how much care (alas) might'st thou poor Man relieve!

23.

To me the Sun is more delightful farr,  
 And all fair Dayes much fairer are. 90  
 But few, ah wondrous few there be,  
 Who do not Gold preferr, O Goddess, ev'n to Thee.

24.

Through the soft wayes of Heaven, and Air, and Sea,  
 Which open all their Pores to Thee;  
 Like a cleer River thou dost glide, 95  
 And with thy Living Stream through the close Channels slide.

25.

But where firm Bodies thy free course oppose,  
 Gently thy source the Land oreflowes ;  
 Takes there possession, and does make,  
 Of Colours mingled, Light, a thick and standing Lake. 100

26.

But the vast Ocean of unbounded Day  
 In th'Empyræan Heaven does stay.  
 Thy Rivers, Lakes, and Springs below  
 From thence took first their Rise, thither at last must Flow.

### *To the Royal Society.*

I.

PHILOSOPHY the great and only Heir  
 Of all that Human Knowledge which has bin  
 Unforfeited by Mans rebellious Sin,  
 Though full of years He do appear,  
 (Philosophy, I say, and call it, He, 5  
 For whatsoe're the Painters Fancy be,  
 It a Male-virtue seemes to me)  
 Has still bin kept in Nonage till of late,  
 Nor manag'd or enjoy'd his vast Estate:  
 Three or four thousand years one would have thought, 10  
 To ripeness and perfection might have brought  
 A Science so well bred and nurst,  
 And of such hopeful parts too at the first.  
 But, oh, the Guardians and the Tutors then,  
 (Some negligent, and some ambitious men) 15  
 Would ne're consent to set him Free,  
 Or his own Natural Powers to let him see,  
 Lest that should put an end to their Autoritie.



## 2.

That his own business he might quite forget,  
 They'amus'd him with the sports of wanton Wit, 20  
 With the Desserts of Poetry they fed him,  
 In stead of solid meats t'increase his force ;  
 In stead of vigorous exercise they led him  
 Into the pleasant Labyrinths of ever-fresh Discourse:  
 In stead of carrying him to see 25  
 The Riches which doe hoorded for him lie  
 In Natures endless Treasurie,  
 They chose his Eye to entertain  
 (His curious but not covetous Eye)  
 With painted Scenes, and Pageants of the Brain. 30  
 Some few exalted Spirits this latter Age has shown,  
 That labour'd to assert the Liberty  
 (From Guardians, who were now Usurpers grown)  
 Of this old *Minor* still, Captiv'd Philosophy ;  
 But 'twas Rebellion call'd to fight 35  
 For such a long-oppressed Right.  
*Bacon* at last, a mighty Man, arose,  
 Whom a wise King and Nature chose  
 Lord Chancellour of both their Lawes,  
 And boldly undertook the injur'd Pupils cause. 40

## 3.

Authority, which did a Body boast,  
 Though 'twas but Air condens'd, and stalk'd about,  
 Like some old Giants more Gigantic Ghost,  
 To terrifie the Learned Rout  
 With the plain Magick of true Reasons Light, 45  
 He chac'd out of our sight,  
 Nor suffer'd Living *Men* to be misled  
 By the vain shadows of the Dead:  
 To Graves, from whence it rose, the conquer'd Phantome fled ;

He broke that Monstrous God which stood 50  
 In midst of th'Orchard, and the whole did claim,  
 Which with a useless Sith of Wood,  
 And something else not worth a name,  
 (Both vast for shew, yet neither fit  
 Or to Defend, or to Beget ; 55  
 Ridiculous and senceless Terrors!) made  
 Children and superstitious Men afraid.  
 The Orchard's open now, and free ;  
*Bacon* has broke that Scar-crow Deitie ;  
 Come, enter, all that will, 60  
 Behold the rip'ned Fruit, come gather now your Fill.  
 Yet still, methinks, we fain would be  
 Catching at the Forbidden Tree,  
 We would be like the Deitie,  
 When Truth and Falshood, Good and Evil, we 65  
 Without the Sences aid within our selves would see ;  
 For 'tis God only who can find  
 All Nature in his Mind.

## 4.

From Words, which are but Pictures of the Thought,  
 (Though we our Thoughts from them perversly drew) 70  
 To things, the Minds right Object, he it brought,  
 Like foolish Birds to painted Grapes we flew ;  
 He sought and gather'd for our use the True ;  
 And when on heaps the chosen Bunches lay,  
 He prest them wisely the Mechanick way, 75  
 Till all their juyce did in one Vessel joyn,  
 Ferment into a Nourishment Divine,  
 The thirsty Souls refreshing Wine.  
 Who to the life an exact Piece would make,  
 Must not from others Work a Copy take ; 80  
 No, not from *Rubens* or *Vandike* ;  
 Much less content himself to make it like

Th'Idæas and the Images which lie  
 In his own Fancy, or his Memory.  
     No, he before his sight must place 85  
     The Natural and Living Face;  
     The real object must command  
 Each Judgment of his Eye, and Motion of his Hand.

## 5.

From these and all long Errors of the way,  
 In which our wandring Prædecessors went, 90  
 And like th'old *Hebrews* many years did stray  
     In Desarts but of small extent,  
*Bacon*, like *Moses*, led us forth at last,  
     The barren Wilderness he past,  
     Did on the very Border stand 95  
     Of the blest promis'd Land,  
 And from the Mountains Top of his Exalted Wit,  
     Saw it himself, and shew'd us it.  
 But Life did never to one Man allow  
 Time to Discover Worlds, and Conquer too; 100  
 Nor can so short a Line sufficient be  
 To fadome the vast depths of Natures Sea:  
     The work he did we ought t'admire,  
 And were unjust if we should more require  
 From his few years, divided 'twixt th'Excess 105  
 Of low Affliction, and high Happiness.  
 For who on things remote can fix his sight,  
 That's alwayes in a Triumph, or a Fight?

## 6.

From you, great Champions, we expect to get  
 These spacious Countries but discover'd yet; 110  
 Countries where yet in stead of Nature, we  
 Her Images and Idols worship'd see:

These large and wealthy Regions to subdue,  
 Though Learning has whole Armies at command,  
     Quarter'd about in every Land, 115  
 A better Troop she ne're together drew.  
     Methinks, like *Gideon's* little Band,  
     God with Design has pickt out you,  
 To do these noble Wonders by a Few:  
 When the whole Host he saw, They are (said he) 120  
     Too many to O'rcome for Me;  
     And now he chuses out his Men,  
     Much in the way that he did then:  
     Not those many whom he found  
     Idely extended on the ground, 125  
     To drink with their dejected head  
 The Stream just so as by their Mouths it fled:  
     No, but those Few who took the waters up,  
 And made of their laborious Hands the Cup.

## 7.

Thus you prepar'd; and in the glorious Fight 130  
     Their wondrous pattern too you take:  
 Their old and empty Pitchers first they brake,  
 And with their Hands then lifted up the Light.  
     Io! Sound too the Trumpets here!  
 Already your victorious Lights appear; 135  
 New Scenes of Heaven already we espy,  
 And Crowds of golden Worlds on high;  
 Which from the spacious Plains of Earth and Sea,  
     Could never yet discover'd be  
 By Sailers or *Chaldeans* watchful Eye. 140  
 Natures great Workes no distance can obscure,  
 No smalness her near Objects can secure  
     Y'have taught the curious Sight to press  
     Into the privatest recess  
 Of her imperceptible Littleness. 145

Y'have learn'd to Read her smallest Hand,  
And well begun her deepest Sense to Understand.

## 8.

Mischief and true Dishonour fall on those  
Who would to laughter or to scorn expose  
So Virtuous and so Noble a Design, 150  
So Human for its Use, for Knowledge so Divine.  
The things which these proud men despise, and call  
Impertinent, and vain, and small,  
Those smallest things of Nature let me know,  
Rather than all their greatest Actions Doe. 155  
Whoever would Deposed Truth advance  
Into the Throne usurp'd from it,  
Must feel at first the Blows of Ignorance,  
And the sharp Points of Envious Wit.  
So when by various turns of the Celestial Dance, 160  
In many thousand years  
A Star, so long unknown, appears,  
Though Heaven it self more beauteous by it grow,  
It troubles and alarms the World below,  
Does to the Wise a Star, to Fools a Meteor show. 165

## 9.

With Courage and Success you the bold work begin;  
Your Cradle has not Idle bin:  
None e're but *Hercules* and you could be  
At five years Age worthy a History.  
And ne're did Fortune better yet 170  
Th'Historian to the Story fit:  
As you from all Old Errors free  
And purge the Body of Philosophy;  
So from all Modern Folies He  
Has vindicated Eloquence and Wit. 175

His candid Stile like a clean Stream does slide,  
And his bright Fancy all the way  
Does like the Sun-shine in it play;  
It does like *Thames*, the best of Rivers, glide,  
Where the God does not rudely overturn, 180  
But gently pour the Crystal Urn,  
And with judicious hand does the whole Current Guide.  
T'has all the Beauties Nature can impart,  
And all the comely Dress without the paint of Art.

## Preface to POEMS (1656)

AT my return lately into *England*, I met by great accident (for such I account it to be, that any Copy of it should be extant any where so long, unless at his house who printed it) a *Book* entituled, *The Iron Age*, and published under *my name*, during the time of my absence. I wondred very much how one who could be so *foolish* to write so ill Verses, should yet be so *Wise* to set them forth as another *Mans* rather than his *own*; though perhaps he might have made a better choice, and not fathered the *Bastard* upon such a person, whose stock of Reputation is, I fear, little enough for main-  
 10 tenance of his own numerous *Legitimate Off-spring* of that kind. It would have been much less injurious, if it had pleased the *Author* to put forth some of my Writings under his *own name*, rather than his own under *mine*: He had been in that a more pardonable Plagiary, and had done less wrong by *Robbery*, then he does by such a *Bounty*; for no body can be *justified* by the *Imputation* even of anothers *Merit*; and our own course *Cloathes* are like to become us better, then those of another mans, though never so *rich*: but these, to  
 20 say the truth, were so *beggarly*, that I my self was ashamed to *wear* them. It was in vain for me, that I avoided censure by the concealment of my own writings, if my reputation could be thus *Executed in Effigie*; and impossible it is for any good *Name* to be in safety, if the malice of *Witches* have the power to consume and destroy it in an *Image* of their own making. This indeed was so ill made, and so *unlike*, that I hope the *Charm* took no effect. So that I esteem my self less prejudiced by it, then by that which has been done to  
 30 me since, almost in the same kinde, which is the publication of some things of mine without my consent or knowledge, and those so mangled and imperfect, that I could neither with honour acknowledge, nor with honesty quite disavow them. . . . From this which has hapned to my self, I began

to reflect on the fortune of almost all *Writers*, and especially *Poets*, whose *Works* (commonly printed after their deaths) we finde stuffed out, either with *counterfeit pieces*, like *false Money* put in to fill up the *Bag*, though it adde nothing to the *sum*; or with such, which though of their own *Coyne*, they would have called in themselves, for the baseness of the *Allay*: whether this proceed from the indiscretion of their *Friends*, who think a vast *heap* of Stones or Rubbish a better *Monument*, then a little *Tomb* of *Marble*, or by the unworthy  
 10 avarice of some *Stationers*, who are content to diminish the value of the *Author*, so they may encrease the price of the *Book*; and like *Vintners* with sophisticate mixtures, spoil the whole vessel of wine, to make it yield more *profit*. This has been the case with *Shakespear*, *Fletcher*, *Johnson*, and many others; part of whose *Poems* I should take the boldness to prune and lop away, if the care of replanting them in print did belong to me; neither would I make any scruple to cut off from some the unnecessary young *Suckers*, and from others the old withered *Branches*; for a *great Wit* is no more tyed  
 20 to live in a *Vast Volume*, then in a *Gigantick Body*; on the contrary, it is commonly more vigorous the less space it animates. And as *Statius* says of little *Tydeus*,

. . . *Totos infusa per artus*  
*Major in exiguo regnabat corpore virtus.*<sup>1</sup>

I am not ignorant, that by saying this of others, I expose my self to some Raillery, for not using the same severe discretion in my own case, where it concerns me nearer: But though I publish here, more then in strict wisdom I ought to have done, yet I have suppress and cast away more then  
 30 I *publish*; and for the ease of my self and others, have *lost*, I believe too, more then *both*. And upon these considerations I have been perswaded to overcome all the just repugnances of my own *modesty*, and to produce these *Poems*

<sup>1</sup> *Stat. 1 l. Theb.*



to the light and view of the World; not as a thing that I approved of in it self, but as a less evil, which I chose rather then to stay till it were done for me by some body else, either surreptitiously before, or avowedly after my death: and this will be the more excusable, when the *Reader* shall know in what respects he may look upon me as a *Dead*, or at least a *Dying Person*, and upon my *Muse* in this action, as appearing, like the *Emperor Charls the Fifth*, and assisting at her own *Funeral*.

For to make my self absolutely dead in a *Poetical* capacity, <sup>10</sup> my resolution at present, is never to exercise any more that faculty. It is, I confess, but seldom seen that the *Poet* dyes before the *Man*; for when we once fall in love with that bewitching *Art*, we do not use to court it as a *Mistress*, but marry it as a *Wife*, and take it for better or worse, as an *Inseparable Companion* of our whole life. But as the *Marriages* of *Infants* do but rarely prosper, so no man ought to wonder at the diminution or decay of my affection to *Poesie*; to which I had contracted my self so much under *Age*, and so much to my own prejudice in regard of those more pro- <sup>20</sup> fitable matches which I might have made among the *richer Sciences*. As for the *Portion* which this brings of *Fame*, it is an *Estate* (if it be any, for men are not oftner deceived in their hopes of *Widows*, then in their opinion of, *Exegi monumentum ære perennius*) that hardly ever comes in whilst we are *Living* to enjoy it, but is a *fantastical kind of Reversion to our own selves*: neither ought any man to envy *Poets* this posthumous and imaginary happiness, since they find commonly so little in present, that it may be truly applyed to them, which *S. Paul* speaks of the first *Christians*, *If their* <sup>30</sup> *reward be in this life, they are of all men the most miserable*.

And if in quiet and flourishing times they meet with so small encouragement, what are they to expect in rough and troubled ones? if *Wit* be such a *Plant*, that it scarce receives heat enough to preserve it alive even in the *Summer* of our

cold *Clymate*, how can it choose but wither in a long and a sharp *winter*? a warlike, various, and a tragical age is best to *write of*, but worst to *write in*. And I may, though in a very unequal proportion, assume that to my self, which was spoken by *Tully* to a much better person, upon occasion of the *Civil Wars* and *Revolutions* in his time, *Sed in te intuens, Brute, doleo, cujus in adolescentiam per medias laudes quasi quadrigis vehementem transversa incurrit misera fortuna Reipublicæ*.<sup>1</sup>

- 10 Neither is the present constitution of my *Mind* more proper then that of the *Times* for this exercise, or rather divertisement. There is nothing that requires so much serenity and chearfulness of *Spirit*; it must not be either overwhelmed with the cares of *Life*, or overcast with the *Clouds of Melancholy* and *Sorrow*, or shaken and disturbed with the storms of injurious *Fortune*; it must like the *Halcyon*, have *fair weather* to breed in. The *Soul* must be filled with bright and delightful *Idæa's*, when it undertakes to communicate delight to others; which is the main end of  
20 *Poesie*. One may see through the stile of *Ovid de Trist.* the humbled and dejected condition of *Spirit* with which he wrote it; there scarce remains any footsteps of that *Genius*,

*Quem nec Jovis ira, nec ignes, &c.*

The *cold* of the Countrey had stricken through all his faculties, and benumbed the very *feet* of his *Verses*. He is himself, methinks, like one of the *Stories* of his own *Metamorphosis*; and though there remain some weak *resemblances* of *Ovid at Rome*, It is but as he says of *Niobe*,

- In vultu color est sine sanguine, lumina mæstis*  
30 *Stant immota genis; nihil est in Imagine vivum,*  
*Flet tamen . . .*

The truth is, for a man to write well, it is necessary to be in good humor; neither is *Wit* less eclipsed with the un-

<sup>1</sup> *Cic. de Clar. Orator.*

quietness of *Mind*, then *Beauty* with the *Indisposition* of *Body*. So that 'tis almost as hard a thing to be a *Poet* in despite of *Fortune*, as it is in despite of *Nature*. For my own part, neither my obligations to the *Muses*, nor expectations from them are so great, as that I should suffer my self on no considerations to be *divorced*; or that I should say like *Horace*,

*Quisquis erit vitæ, Scribam, color.*<sup>1</sup>

I shall rather use his words in another place,

*Vixi Camænis nuper idoneus,  
Et militavi non sine gloriâ,  
Nunc arma defunctûmque bello  
Barbiton hic paries habebit.*<sup>2</sup>

10

And this resolution of mine does the more befit me, because my desire has been for some years past (though the execution has been accidentally diverted) and does still vehemently continue, to retire my self to some of our *American Plantations*, not to seek for *Gold*, or enrich my self with the traffick of those parts (which is the end of most men that travel thither; so that of *these Indies* it is truer then it was of the 20 former,

*Improbos extremos currit Mercator ad Indos  
Pauperiem fugiens . . .)*

But to forsake this world for ever, with all the *vanities* and *Vexations* of it, and to bury my self there in some obscure retreat (but not without the consolation of *Letters* and *Philosophy*)

*Oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus & illis.*

As my former *Author* speaks too, who has inticed me here, I know not how, into the *Pedantry* of this heap of *Latine* 30 *Sentences*. And I think *Doctor Donnes Sun Dyal* in a grave is not more useless and ridiculous then *Poetry* would be in

<sup>1</sup> *Hor. Sat. I. l. 2. Ser.*

<sup>2</sup> *L. 3. Car. Ode 26. Vixi puellis, &c.*

that *retirement*. As this therefore is in a true sense a kind of *Death* to the *Muses*, and a real *literal* quitting of this *World*: So, methinks, I may make a just claim to the undoubted privilege of *Deceased Poets*, which is to be read with more favor, than the *Living*;

*Tanti est ut placeam tibi, Perire.*<sup>1</sup>

Having been forced for my own necessary *justification* to trouble the *Reader* with this long Discourse of the *Reasons* why I trouble him also with all the rest of the *Book*; I shall  
 10 only add somewhat concerning the several Parts of it, and some other pieces, which I have thought fit to reject in this publication: As first, all those which I wrote at *School* from the age of ten years, till after fifteen; for even so far backward there remain yet some *traces* of me in the little *footsteps* of a *child*; which though they were then looked upon as commendable *extravagances* in a *Boy* (men setting a value upon any kind of *fruit* before the usual *season* of it) yet I would be loth to be bound now to read them all over *my self*; and therefore should do ill to expect that patience from  
 20 *others*. Besides, they have already past through several *Editions*, which is a longer *Life* than uses to be enjoyed by *Infants* that are born before the ordinary *terms*. They had the good fortune then to find the world so *indulgent* (for considering the time of their production, who could be so hard-hearted to be *severe*?) that I scarce yet apprehend so much to be censured for *them*, as for not having made *advances* afterwards proportionable to the speed of my *setting out*, and am obliged too in a manner by Discretion to conceal and suppress them, as *Promises* and *Instruments*  
 30 under my own hand, whereby I stood *engaged* for more than I have been able to *perform*; in which truly, if I have failed, I have the real excuse of the *honestest* sort of *Bankrupts*, which is, to have been made *Unsolvable*, not so much by their own *negligence* and *ill-husbandry*, as by some notorious

<sup>1</sup> Mart.

accidents and publick disasters. In the next place, I have cast away all such pieces as I wrote during the time of the late troubles, with any relation to the differences that caused them ; as among others, *three Books of the Civil War it self*, reaching as far as the first *Battel of Newbury*, where the succeeding *misfortunes* of the *party* stopt the *work* ; for it is so uncustomary, as to become almost ridiculous, to make *Lawrels* for the *Conquered*. Now though in all *Civil Dissensions*, when they break into open hostilities, the *War* of the *Pen* is allowed to accompany that of the *Sword*, and every 10 one is in a maner obliged with his *Tongue*, as well as *Hand*, to serve and assist the side which he engages in ; yet when the event of *battel*, and the unaccountable *Will* of *God* has determined the controversie, and that we have submitted to the conditions of the *Conqueror*, we must lay down our *Pens* as well as *Arms*, we must *march* out of our *Cause* it self, and *dismantle* that, as well as our *Towns* and *Castles*, of all the *Works* and *Fortifications* of *Wit* and *Reason* by which we defended it. *We* ought not sure, to begin our selves to revive the remembrance of those times and actions for which we 20 have received a *General Amnestie*, as a *favor* from the *Victor*. The truth is, neither *We*, nor *They*, ought by the *Representation* of *Places* and *Images* to make a kind of *Artificial Memory* of those things wherein we are all bound to desire like *Themistocles*, the *Art of Oblivion*. The *enmities* of *Fellow-Citizens* should be, like that of *Lovers*, the *Redintegration* of their *Amity*. The *Names* of *Party*, and *Titles* of *Division*, which are sometimes in effect the whole quarrel, should be extinguished and forbidden in peace under the notion of *Acts* of *Hostility*. And I would have it accounted no less 30 unlawful to *rip up old wounds*, then to *give new ones* ; which has made me not onely abstain from printing any things of this kinde, but to burn the very copies, and inflict a severer punishment on them my self, then perhaps the most rigid *Officer of State* would have thought that they deserved.

As for the ensuing Book, it consists of four parts: The first is a *Miscellanie* of several Subjects, and some of them made when I was very young, which it is perhaps *superfluous* to tell the *Reader*; I know not by what chance I have kept *Copies* of them; for they are but a very few in comparison of those which I have lost, and I think they have no extraordinary virtue in them, to deserve more care in preservation, than was bestowed upon their *Brethren*; for which I am so little concerned, that I am ashamed of the  
 10 *arrogancy* of the word, when I said, *I had lost them*.

The *Second*, is called, *The Mistress*, or *Love-Verses*; for so it is, that *Poets* are scarce thought *Free-men* of their *Company*, without paying some duties, and obliging themselves to be true to *Love*. Sooner or later they must all pass through that *Tryal*, like some *Mahumetan Monks*, that are bound by their Order, once at least, in their life, to make a *Pilgrimage* to *Meca*,

*In furias ignémque ruunt; Amor omnibus idem.*

But we must not always make a judgment of their *manners*  
 20 from their *writings* of this kind; as the *Romanists* uncharitably do of *Beza*, for a few lascivious *Sonnets* composed by him in his youth. It is not in this sense that *Poesie* is said to be a kind of *Painting*; it is not the *Picture* of the *Poet*, but of *things* and *persons* imagined by him. He may be in his own practice and disposition a *Philosopher*, nay a *Stoick*, and yet speak sometimes with the softness of an amorous *Sappho*.

*Feret & rubus asper Amomum.*

He professes too much the use of *Fables* (though without the  
 30 malice of deceiving) to have his testimony taken even against himself. Neither would I here be misunderstood, as if I affected so much gravity, as to be ashamed to be thought really in *Love*. On the contrary, I cannot have a good opinion of any man who is not at least capable of being so.

But I speak it to excuse some expressions (if such there be) which may happen to offend the severity of supercilious *Readers*; for much *Excess* is to be allowed in *Love*, and even more in *Poetry*; so we avoid the two unpardonable vices in both, which are *Obscenity* and *Prophaneness*, of which I am sure, if my *words* be ever guilty, they have ill represented my *thoughts* and *intentions*. And if, notwithstanding all this, the lightness of the matter here displease any body; he may find wherewithal to content his more serious inclinations in the weight and height of the ensuing Arguments. 10

For as for the *Pindarick Odes* (which is the third part) I am in great doubt whether they will be understood by most *Readers*; nay, even by very many who are well enough acquainted with the common Roads, and ordinary Tracks of *Poesie*. They either are, or at least were meant to be, of that kind of *Stile* which *Dion. Halicarnasseus* calls, *Μεγαλοφυνὲς καὶ ἥδὺ μετὰ δεινότητος*, and which he attributes to *Alcæus*: The digressions are many, and sudden, and sometimes long, according to the fashion of all *Lyriques*, and of *Pindar* above all men living. The *Figures* are unusual and 20 *bold*, even to *Temeritie*, and such as I durst not have to do withal in any other kind of *Poetry*: The *Numbers* are various and irregular, and sometimes (especially some of the long ones) seem harsh and uncouth, if the just measures and cadencies be not observed in the *Pronunciation*. So that almost all their *Sweetness* and *Numerosity* (which is to be found, if I mistake not, in the roughest, if rightly repeated) lies in a manner wholly at the *Mercy* of the *Reader*. I have briefly described the nature of these Verses, in the *Ode* entituled, *The Resurrection*: And though the *Liberty* of them 30 may incline a man to believe them easie to be composed, yet the undertaker will find it otherwise.

. . . . *Vt sibi quivis*

*Speret idem, multum sudet frustraqué laboret*

*Ausus idem . . . . .*

I come now to the last part, which is *Davideis*, or an *Heroical Poem* of the *Troubles of David*; which I designed into *Twelve Books*; not for the *Tribes* sake, but after the *Pattern* of our Master *Virgil*. . . . But I have had neither *Leisure* hitherto, nor have *Appetite* at present to finish the work, or so much as to revise that part which is done with that care which I resolved to bestow upon it, and which the *Dignity* of the *Matter* well deserves. For what worthier subject could have been chosen among all the *Treasuries* of  
10 past times, then the *Life* of this young *Prince*; who from so small beginnings, through such infinite troubles and oppositions, by such miraculous virtues and excellencies, and with such incomparable variety of wonderful actions and accidents, became the greatest *Monarch* that ever sat on the most *famous* Throne of the whole Earth? whom should a *Poet* more justly seek to *honour*, then the highest Person who ever *honoured* his Profession? whom a *Christian Poet*, rather than the *man after Gods own heart*, and the man who  
20 had that sacred pre-eminence above all other *Princes*, to be the best and mightiest of that Royal Race from whence *Christ* himself, according to the flesh, disdained not to descend? When I consider this, and how many other bright and magnificent subjects of the like nature, the *Holy Scripture* affords and *proffers*, as it were, to *Poesie*, in the wise managing and illustrating whereof, the *Glory of God Almighty* might be joyned with the singular utility and noblest delight of *Mankind*; It is not without grief and indignation that I behold that *Divine Science* employing all her inexhaustible riches of *Wit* and *Eloquence*, either in the wicked and beg-  
30 garly *Flattery* of great persons, or the unmanly *Idolizing* of *Foolish Women*, or the wretched affectation of scurril *Laughter*, or at best on the confused antiquated *Dreams* of senseless *Fables* and *Metamorphoses*. Amongst all holy and consecrated things which the *Devil* ever stole and alienated from the service of the *Deity*; as *Altars*, *Temples*, *Sacrifices*,



*Prayers*, and the like; there is none that he so universally, and so long usurpt, as *Poetry*. It is time to recover it out of the *Tyrants* hands, and to restore it to the *Kingdom of God*, who is the *Father* of it. It is time to *Baptize* it in *Jordan*, for it will never become clean by bathing in the *Water of Damascus*. There wants, methinks, but the *Conversion* of *That*, and the *Jews*, for the accomplishing of the *Kingdom of Christ*. And as men before their receiving of the *Faith*, do not without some carnal reluctancies, apprehend the *bonds* and *fetters* of it, but find it afterwards to be the truest 10 and greatest *Liberty*: It will fare no otherwise with this *Art*, after the *Regeneration* of it; it will meet with wonderful variety of new, more beautiful, and more delightful *Objects*; neither will it want *Room*, by being *confined to Heaven*. There is not so great a *Lye* to be found in any *Poet*, as the vulgar conceit of men, that *Lying* is *Essential* to good *Poetry*. Were there never so wholesom *Nourishment* to be had (but alas, it breeds nothing but *Diseases*) out of these boasted *Feasts of Love* and *Fables*; yet, methinks, the unalterable continuance of the *Diet* should make us *Nauseate* it: For it 20 is almost impossible to serve up any *new Dish* of that kind. They are all but the *Cold-meats* of the *Antients*, new-heated, and new set forth. I do not at all wonder that the old *Poets* made some rich crops out of these grounds; the heart of the *Soil* was not then wrought out with continual *Tillage*: But what can we expect now, who come a *Gleaning*, not after the first *Reapers*, but after the very *Beggars*? Besides, though those mad stories of the *Gods* and *Heroes*, seem in themselves so ridiculous; yet they were then the *whole Body* (or rather *Chaos*) of the *Theologie* of those times. They were 30 believed by all but a few *Philosophers*, and perhaps some *Atheists*, and served to good purpose among the *vulgar*, (as pitiful things as they are) in strengthening the authority of *Law* with the terrors of *Conscience*, and expectation of certain rewards, and unavoidable punishments. There was no

other *Religion*, and therefore *that* was better than *none at all*. But to us who have no need of them, to us who deride their *folly*, and are wearied with their *impertinencies*, they ought to appear no better arguments for *Verse*, than those of their worthy *Successors*, the *Knights Errant*. What can we imagine more proper for the ornaments of *Wit* or *Learning* in the story of *Deucalion*, then in that of *Noah*? why will not the actions of *Sampson* afford as plentiful matter as the *Labors* of *Hercules*? why is not *Jeptha's Daughter* as good a woman  
 10 as *Iphigenia*? and the friendship of *David* and *Jonathan* more worthy celebration, then that of *Theseus* and *Perithous*? Does not the passage of *Moses* and the *Israelites* into the *Holy Land*, yield incomparably more Poetical variety, then the voyages of *Ulysses* or *Æneas*? Are the obsolete thread-bare tales of *Thebes* and *Troy*, half so stored with great, heroical and supernatural actions (since *Verse* will needs *find* or *make* such) as the wars of *Joshua*, of the *Judges*, of *David*, and divers others? Can all the *Transformations* of the *Gods* give such copious hints to flourish and expatiate  
 20 on, as the true *Miracles* of *Christ*, or of his *Prophets*, and *Apostles*? what do I instance in these few particulars? All the *Books* of the *Bible* are either already most admirable, and exalted pieces of *Poesie*, or are the best *Materials* in the world for it. Yet, though they be in themselves so proper to be made use of for this purpose; None but a good *Artist* will know how to do it: neither must we think to cut and polish *Diamonds* with so little pains and skill as we do *Marble*. For if any man design to compose a *Sacred Poem*, by only turning a story of the *Scripture*, like Mr. *Quarles's*,  
 30 or some other godly matter, like Mr. *Heywood of Angels*, into *Rhyme*; He is so far from elevating of *Poesie*, that he only *abases Divinity*. In brief, he who can write a *prophane Poem well*, may write a *Divine one better*; but he who can do that but ill, will do this much worse. The same fertility of *Invention*, the same wisdom of *Disposition*; the same

*Judgment* in observance of *Decencies*; the same lustre and vigor of *Elocution*; the same modesty and majestie of *Number*; briefly the same kind of *Habit*, is required to both; only this latter allows better *stuff*, and therefore would look more deformedly, if *ill drest* in it. I am far from assuming to my self to have fulfilled the duty of this weighty undertaking: But sure I am, that there is nothing yet in our *Language* (nor perhaps in *any*) that is in any degree answerable to the *Idea* that I conceive of it. And I shall be ambitious of no other fruit from this weak and imperfect attempt of mine, 10 but the opening of a way to the courage and industry of some other persons, who may be better able to perform it thoroughly and successfully.

### *Preface to PINDARIQUE ODES*

IF a man should undertake to translate *Pindar* word for word, it would be thought that one *Mad man* had translated *another*; as may appear, when he that understands not the *Original*, reads the verbal Traduction of him into *Latin Prose*, than which nothing seems more *Raving*. And sure, *Rhyme*, without the addition of *Wit*, and the *Spirit* of *Poetry* (*quod nequeo monstrare & sentio tantum*) would but make it 20 ten times more *Distracted* than it is in *Prose*. We must consider in *Pindar* the great difference of time betwixt his age and ours, which changes, as in *Pictures*, at least the *Colours* of *Poetry*, the no less difference betwixt the *Religions* and *Customs* of our Countrys, and a thousand particularities of places, persons, and manners, which do but confusedly appear to our Eyes at so great a distance. And lastly, (which were enough alone for my purpose) we must consider that our Ears are strangers to the Musick of his *Numbers*, which sometimes (especially in *Songs* and *Odes*) almost without anything 30 else, makes an excellent *Poet*; for though the *Grammarians*

and *Criticks* have laboured to reduce his Verses into regular feet and measures (as they have also those of the *Greek* and *Latine Comedies*) yet in effect they are little better than *Prose* to our Ears. And I would gladly know what applause our best pieces of *English Poesie* could expect from a *Frenchman* or *Italian*, if converted faithfully, and word for word, into *French* or *Italian Prose*. And when we have considered all this, we must needs confess, that after all these losses sustained by *Pindar*, all we can adde to him by our  
10 wit or invention (not deserting still his subject) is not like to make him a *Richer man* than he was in his *own Country*. This is in some measure to be applied to all *Translations*; and the not observing of it, is the cause that all which ever I yet saw, are so much inferiour to their *Originals*. The like happens too in *Pictures*, from the same root of exact *Imitation*; which being a vile and unworthy kind of *Servitude*, is incapable of producing any thing good or noble. I have seen *Originals* both in *Painting* and *Poesie*, much more beautiful than their *natural Objects*; but I never saw a *Copy* better  
20 than the *Original*, which indeed cannot be otherwise; for men resolving in no case to shoot *beyond the Mark*, it is a thousand to one if they shoot not *short* of it. It does not at all trouble me that the *Grammarians* perhaps will not suffer this libertine way of rendring forreign Authors, to be called Translation; for I am not so much enamoured of the *Name Translator*, as not to wish rather to be *Something Better*, though it want yet a *Name*. I speak not so much all this, in defence of my manner of *Translating*, or *Imitating* (or what other Title they please) the two ensuing *Odes* of *Pindar*;  
30 for that would not deserve half these words, as by this occasion to rectifie the opinion of divers men upon this matter. The *Psalms* of *David*, (which I believe to have been in their *Original*, to the *Hebrews* of his time, though not to our *Hebrews* of *Buxtorfius*'s making, the most exalted pieces of *Poesie*) are a great example of what I have said; all the

*Translators* of which (even Mr. *Sands* himself ; for in despite of popular error, I will be bold not to except him) for this very reason, that they have not sought to supply the lost Excellencies of another *Language* with new ones in their own ; are so far from doing honour, or at least justice to that *Divine Poet*, that, methinks, they revile him worse than *Shimei*. And *Bucanan* himself (though much the best of them all, and indeed a great Person) comes in my opinion no less short of *David*, than his *Country* does of *Judæa*. Upon this ground, I have in these two *Odes* of *Pindar*, taken, left 10 out, and added what I please ; nor make it so much my aim to let the Reader know precisely what he spoke, as what was his *way* and *manner* of speaking ; which has not been yet (that I know of) introduced into *English*, though it be the noblest and highest kind of writing in Verse ; and which might, perhaps, be put into the List of *Pancirollus*, among the *lost Inventions* of *Antiquity*. This *Essay* is but to try how it will look in an *English Habit*: for which experiment, I have chosen one of his *Olympique*, and another of his *Nemeæan Odes* ; which are as followeth. 20

## From A PROPOSITION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF EXPERIMENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

### *Conclusion.*

IF I be not much abused by a natural fondness to my own Conceptions (that *στοργή* of the Greeks, which no other Language has a proper word for) there was never any Project thought upon, which deserves to meet with so few Adversaries as this ; for who can without impudent folly oppose the establishment of twenty well selected persons in such a condition of Life, that their whole business and sole profession may be to study the improvement and advantage

of all other Professions, from that of the highest General even to the lowest Artisan? Who shall be obliged to employ their whole time, wit, learning, and industry, to these four, the most useful that can be imagined, and to no other Ends; First, to weigh, examine, and prove all things of Nature delivered to us by former ages, to detect, explode, and strike a censure through all false Moneys with which the World has been paid and cheated so long, and (as I may say) to set the mark of the Colledge upon all true Coins that they  
10 may pass hereafter without any farther Tryal. Secondly, to recover the lost Inventions, and, as it were, Drown'd Lands of the Ancients. Thirdly, to improve all Arts which we now have; And lastly, to discover others which we yet have not. And who shall besides all this (as a Benefit by the by) give the best Education in the World (purely *gratis*) to as many mens Children as shall think fit to make use of the Obligation. Neither does it at all check or interfere with any parties in State or Religion, but is indifferently to be embraced by all Differences in opinion, and can hardly be conceived cap-  
20 able (as many good Institutions have done) even of Degeneration into any thing harmful. So that, all things considered, I will suppose this Proposition shall encounter with no Enemies; the only Question is, whether it will find Friends enough to carry it on from Discourse and Design to Reality and Effect; the necessary Expences of the Beginning (for it will maintain it self well enough afterwards) being so great (though I have set them as low as is possible in order to so vast a work) that it may seem hopeless to raise such a sum out of those few dead Reliques of Humane Charity and  
30 Publick Generosity which are yet remaining in the World.

## ESSAYS

I. *Of Solitude.*

*Nunquam minus solus, quam cum solus*, is now become a very vulgar saying. Every Man and almost every Boy for these seventeen hundred years, has had it in his mouth. But it was at first spoken by the Excellent *Scipio*, who was without question a most Eloquent and Witty person, as well as the most Wise, most Worthy, most Happy, and the Greatest of all Mankind. His meaning no doubt was this, That he found more satisfaction to his mind, and more improvement of it by Solitude then by Company, and to shew that he spoke not this loosly or out of vanity, after he had made *Rome*, 10 Mistriss of almost the whole World, he retired himself from it by a voluntary exile, and at a private house in the middle of a wood neer *Linternum*, passed the remainder of his Glorious life no less Gloriously. This House *Seneca* went to see so long after with great veneration, and among other things describes his Baths to have been of so mean a structure, that now, says he, the basest of the people would despise them, and cry out, poor *Scipio* understood not how to live. What an Authority is here for the credit of Retreat? and happy had it been for *Hannibal*, if Adversity could have 20 taught him as much Wisdom as was learnt by *Scipio* from the highest prosperities. This would be no wonder if it were as truly as it is colourably and wittily said by Monsieur *de Montagne*. That Ambition it self might teach us to love Solitude; there's nothing does so much hate to have Companions. 'Tis true, it loves to have its Elbows free, it detests to have Company on either side, but it delights above all things in a Train behind, I, and Ushers too before it. But the greatest part of men are so far from the opinion of that noble *Roman*, that if they chance at any time to be without 30 company, they'r like a becalmed Ship, they never move but

by the wind of other mens breath, and have no Oars of their own to steer withal. It is very fantastical and contradictory in humane Nature, that Men should love themselves above all the rest of the world, and yet never endure to be with themselves. When they are in love with a Mistriss, all other persons are importunate and burdensome to them. *Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam Lubens*, They would live and dye with her alone.

10       *Sic ego secretis possum bené vivere silvis*  
           *Quà nulla humano sit via trita pedé,*  
           *Tu mihi curarum requies, tu nocte vel atrâ*  
           *Lumen, & in solis tu mihi turba locis.*

With thee for ever I in woods could rest,  
 Where never humane foot the ground has prest,  
 Thou from all shades the darkness canst exclude,  
 And from a Desert banish Solitude.

And yet our Dear Self is so wearisome to us, that we can scarcely support its conversation for an hour together. This is such an odd temper of mind as *Catullus* expresses towards  
 20 one of his Mistresses, whom we may suppose to have been of a very unsociable humour.

*Odi & Amo, quandám id faciam ratione requiris?*  
           *Nescio, sed fieri sentio, & excrucior.*

I Hate, and yet I Love thee too;  
 How can that be? I know not how;  
 Only that so it is I know,  
 And feel with Torment that 'tis so.

It is a deplorable condition, this, and drives a man sometimes to pittiful shifts in seeking how to avoid Himself.

30   The truth of the matter is, that neither he who is a Fop in the world, is a fit man to be alone; nor he who has set his heart much upon the world, though he have never so much understanding; so that Solitude can be well fitted and set



right, but upon a very few persons. They must have enough knowledge of the World to see the vanity of it, and enough Virtue to despise all Vanity ; if the Mind be possest with any Lust or Passions, a man had better be in a Faire, then in a Wood alone. They may like petty Thieves cheat us perhaps, and pick our pockets in the midst of company, but like Robbers they use to strip and bind, or murder us when they catch us alone. This is but to retreat from Men, and fall into the hands of Devils. 'Tis like the punishment of Parricides among the *Romans*, to be sow'd into a Bag with an Ape, a 10 Dog, and a Serpent. The first work therefore that a man must do to make himself capable of the good of Solitude, is, the very Eradication of all Lusts, for how is it possible for a Man to enjoy himself while his Affections are tyed to things without Himself? In the second place, he must learn the Art and get the Habit of Thinking ; for this too, no less than well speaking, depends upon much practice, and Cogitation is the thing which distinguishes the Solitude of a God from a wild Beast. Now because the soul of Man is not by its own Nature or observation furnisht with sufficient Materials to 20 work upon ; it is necessary for it to have continual recourse to Learning and Books for fresh supplies, so that the solitary Life will grow indigent, and be ready to starve without them ; but if once we be thoroughly engaged in the Love of Letters, instead of being wearied with the length of any day, we shall only complain of the shortness of our whole Life.

*O vita, stulto longa, sapienti brevis!*

O Life, long to the Fool, short to the Wise!

The first Minister of State has not so much business in publique, as a wise man has in private ; if the one have little 30 leasure to be alone, the other has less leasure to be in company ; the one has but part of the affairs of one Nation, the other all the works of God and Nature under his consideration. There is no saying shocks me so much as that which

I hear very often, That a man does not know how to pass his Time. 'Twould have been but ill spoken by *Methusalem* in the Nine hundred sixty ninth year of his Life, so far it is from us, who have not time enough to attain to the utmost perfection of any part of any Science, to have cause to complain that we are forced to be idle for want of work. But this you'l say is work only for the Learned, others are not capable either of the employments or divertisements that arrive from Letters. I know they are not; and therefore  
 10 cannot much recommend Solitude to a man totally illiterate. But if any man be so unlearned as to want entertainment of the little Intervals of accidental Solitude, which frequently occur in almost all conditions (except the very meanest of the people, who have business enough in the necessary provisions for Life) it is truly a great shame both to his Parents and Himself, for a very small portion of any Ingenious Art will stop up all those gaps of our Time, either Musique, or Painting, or Designing, or Chymistry, or History, or Gardening, or twenty other things will do it usefully and pleasantly;  
 20 and if he happen to set his affections upon Poetry (which I do not advise him too immoderately) that will over do it; no wood will be thick enough to hide him from the importunities of company or business, which would abstract him from his Beloved.

—*O quis me gelidis sub montibus Æmi  
 Sistat, & ingenti ramorum protegat umbrâ?*<sup>1</sup>

## 2. Of Obscurity.

*Nam neque Divitibus contingunt gaudia solis,  
 Nec vixit male, qui natus moriensque Fefellit.*<sup>2</sup>

*God made not pleasures only for the Rich,  
 Nor have those men without their share too liv'd,  
 Who both in Life and Death the world deceiv'd.*

30

<sup>1</sup> Virg. Georg.

<sup>2</sup> Hor. Epist. l. i. 18.

This seems a strange Sentence thus literally translated, and looks as if it were in vindication of the men of business (for who else can Deceive the world ?) whereas it is in commendation of those who live and dye so obscurely, that the world takes no notice of them. This *Horace* calls deceiving the world, and in another place uses the same phrase.

*Secretum iter & Fallentis semita vitæ.*

*The secret tracks of the Deceiving Life.*<sup>1</sup>

It is very elegant in Latine, but our English word will hardly bear up to that sence, and therefore Mr. *Broom* translates it very well.

*Or from a Life, led as it were by stealth.*

Yet we say in our Language, a thing deceives our sight, when it passes before us unperceived, and we may say well enough out of the same Authour,

*Sometimes with sleep, sometimes with wine we strive,  
The cares of Life and troubles to Deceive.*

But that is not to deceive the world, but to deceive our selves, as *Quintilian* saies, *Vitam fallere*,<sup>2</sup> To draw on still, and amuse, and deceive our Life, till it be advanced insensibly to the fatal Period, and fall into that Pit which Nature hath prepared for it. The meaning of all this is no more then that most vulgar saying, *Bene qui latuit, bene vixit*, He has lived well, who has lain well hidden. Which if it be a truth, the world (I'll swear) is sufficiently deceived: For my part, I think it is, and that the pleasantest condition of Life, is in *Incognito*. What a brave Privilege is it to be free from all Contentions, from all Envyng or being Envyed, from recieving and from paying all kind of Ceremonies? It is in my mind, a very delightful pastime, for two good and agree-  
able friends to travail up and down together, in places where  
they are by no body known, nor know any body. It was the

<sup>1</sup> *Ep.* 18.

<sup>2</sup> *Declam. de Apib.*

case of *Æneas* and his *Achates*, when they walkt invisibly about the fields and streets of *Carthage*, *Venus* her self

*A vail of thickned Air around them cast,  
That none might know, or see them as they past.*<sup>1</sup>

The common story of *Demosthenes*'s confession that he had taken great pleasure in hearing of a Tanker-woman say as he past; This is that *Demosthenes*, is wonderful ridiculous from so solid an Orator. I my self have often met with that temptation to vanity (if it were any) but am so far from  
 10 finding it any pleasure, that it only makes me run faster from the place, till I get, as it were out of sight-shot. *Democritus* relates, and in such a manner, as if he gloried in the good fortune and commodity of it, that when he came to *Athens* no body there did so much as take notice of him; and *Epicurus* lived there very well, that is, Lay hid many years in his Gardens, so famous since that time, with his friend *Metrodorus*: after whose death, making in one of his letters a kind commemoration of the happiness which they two had  
 20 enjoyed together, he adds at last, that he thought it no disparagement to those great felicities of their life, that in the midst of the most talk'd-of and Talking Country in the world, they had lived so long, not only without Fame, but almost without being heard of. And yet within a very few years afterward, there were no two Names of men more known or more generally celebrated. If we engage into a large Acquaintance and various familiarities, we set open our gates to the Invaders of most of our time: we expose our life to a *Quotidian Ague* of frigid impertinencies, which would make a wise man tremble to think of. Now, as for being  
 30 known much by sight, and pointed at, I cannot comprehend the honour that lies in that: Whatsoever it be, every Mountebank has it more then the best Doctor, and the Hangman more then the Lord Chief Justice of a City. Every creature

<sup>1</sup> *Virg. I. Æn.*

has it both of Nature and Art if it be any ways extraordinary. It was as often said, This is that *Bucephalus*, or, This is that *Incitatus*, when they were led prancing through the streets, as, this is that *Alexander*, or this is that *Domitian*; and truly for the latter, I take *Incitatus* to have bin a much more Honourable Beast then his Master, and more deserving the Consulship, then he the Empire. I love and commend a true good Fame, because it is the shadow of Virtue, not that it doth any good to the Body which it accompanies, but 'tis an efficacious shadow, and like that of St. *Peter* cures the 10 Diseases of others. The best kinde of Glory, no doubt, is that which is reflected from Honesty, such as was the Glory of *Cato* and *Aristides*, but it was harmful to them both, and is seldom beneficial to any man whilst he lives; what it is to him after his death, I cannot say, because, I love not *Philosophy* merely notional and conjectural, and no man who has made the Experiment has been so kind as to come back to inform us. Upon the whole matter, I account a person who has a moderate Minde and Fortune, and lives in the conversation of two or three agreeable friends, with little 20 commerce in the world besides, who is esteemed well enough by his few neighbours that know him, and is truly irreproachable by any body, and so after a healthful quiet life, before the great inconveniences of old age, goes more silently out of it then he came in, (for I would not have him so much as Cry in the *Exit*). This Innocent Deceiver of the world, as *Horace* calls him, this *Muta persona*, I take to have been more happy in his Part, then the greatest Actors that fill the Stage with show and noise, nay, even then *Augustus* himself, who askt with his last breath, Whether he had not 30 played his *Farce* very well.

3. *The Garden.*

To J. Evelyn Esquire.

I NEVER had any other desire so strong, and so like to Covetousness as that one which I have had always, that I might be master at last of a small house and large garden, with very moderate conveniencies ioyned to them, and there dedicate the remainder of my life only to the culture of them and study of Nature,

And there (with no design beyond my wall) whole and  
intire to lye,

In no unactive Ease, and no unglorious Poverty.

- 10 Or as *Virgil* has said, Shorter and Better for me, that I might there *Studiis florere ignobilis otii* (though I could wish that he had rather said, *Nobilis otii*, when he spoke of his own). But several accidents of my ill fortune have disappointed me hitherto, and do still, of that felicity ; for though I have made the first and hardest step to it, by abandoning all ambitions and hopes in this World, and by retiring from the noise of all business and almost company, yet I stick still in the Inn of a hired House and Garden, among Weeds and Rubbish ; and without that plesantest work of Human
- 20 Industry, the Improvement of something which we call (not very properly, but yet we call) Our Own. I am gone out from *Sodom*, but I am not yet arrived at my Little *Zoar*. *O let me escape thither (Is it not a Little one?) and my Soul shall live*. I do not look back yet ; but I have been forced to stop, and make too many halts. You may wonder, Sir, (for this seems a little too extravagant and Pindarical for *Prose*) what I mean by all this Preface ; It is to let you know, That though I have mist, like a Chymist, my great End, yet I account my affections and endeavours well rewarded by something
- 30 that I have met with by the By ; which is, that they have procured to me some part in your kindness and esteem ; and

thereby the honour of having my Name so advantageously recommended to Posterity, by the *Epistle* you are pleased to prefix to the most useful Book that has been written in that kind, and which is to last as long as Moneths and Years.

Among many other *Arts* and *Excellencies* which you enjoy, I am glad to find this Favourite of mine the most predominant, That you choose this for your Wife, though you have hundreds of other Arts for your Concubines; Though you know them, and beget Sons upon them all (to which you are rich enough to allow great Legacies) yet the issue of this 10 seemes to be designed by you to the main of the Estate; you have taken most pleasure in it, and bestow'd most charges upon its Education: and I doubt not to see that Book, which you are pleased to Promise to the World, and of which you have given us a Large Earnest in your Calendar, as Accomplisht, as any thing can be expected from an *Extraordinary Wit*, and no ordinary Expences, and a long Experience. I know no body that possesses more private happiness then you do in your Garden; and yet no man who makes his happiness more publick, by a free communication of the Art 20 and Knowledge of it to others. All that I my self am able yet to do, is onely to recommend to Mankind the search of that Felicity, which you Instruct them how to Find and to Enjoy.

#### 4. *Of Greatness.*

SINCE we cannot attain to Greatness, (saies the *Sieur de Montagn*) let's have our revenge by railing at it: this he spoke but in Jest. I believe he desired it no more then I do, and had less reason, for he enjoyed so plentiful and honourable a fortune in a most excellent Country, as allowed him all the real conveniences of it, seperated and purged from 30 the Incommodities. If I were but in his condition, I should think it hard measure, without being convinced of any crime, to be sequestred from it and made one of the Principal

Officers of State. But the Reader may think that what I now say, is of small authority, because I never was, nor ever shall be put to the tryal: I can therefore only make my Protestation,

*If ever I more Riches did desire  
Then Cleanliness and Quiet do require.  
If e're Ambition did my Fancy cheat,  
With any wish, so mean as to be great,  
Continue, Heav'n, still from me to remove  
10 The Humble Blessings of that Life I love.*

I know very many men will despise, and some pity me, for this humour, as a poor spirited fellow; but I'm content, and like *Horace* thank God for being so. *Dii bene fecerunt inopis me quodque pusilli Finxerunt animi.* I confess, I love Littleness almost in all things. A little convenient Estate, a little chearful House, a little Company, and a very little Feast, and if I were ever to fall in love again (which is a great Passion, and therefore, I hope, I have done with it) it would be, I think, with Prettiness, rather than with  
20 Majestical Beauty. I would neither wish that my Mistress, nor my Fortune, should be a *Bona Roba*, nor as *Homer* uses to describe his Beauties, like a Daughter of great *Jupiter* for the stateliness and largeness of her person, but as *Lucretius* saies,

*Parvula, pumilio, Χαίρων μία, tota merum sal.*

Where there is one man of this, I believe there are a thousand of *Senecio's* mind, whose ridiculous affectation of Grandeur, *Seneca* the Elder describes to this effect. *Senecio* was a man of a turbid and confused wit, who could not endure to speak any but mighty words and sentences, till  
30 this humour grew at last into so notorious a Habit, or rather Disease, as became the sport of the whole Town: he would have no servants, but huge, massy fellows, no plate or houshold-stuff, but thrice as big as the fashion: you may believe me, for I speak it without Railery, his extravagancy



came at last into such a madness, that he would not put on a pair of shooes, each of which was not big enough for both his feet: he would eat nothing but what was great, nor touch any Fruit but Horse-plums and Pound-pears: he kept a Concubine that was a very Gyantess, and made her walk too alwaies in *Chiopins*, till at last, he got the Surname of *Senecio Grandio*, which, *Messala* said, was not his *Cognomen*, but his *Cognomentum*: when he declamed for the three hundred *Lacedæmonians*, who alone opposed *Xerxes* his Army of above three hundred thousand, he stretch'd out his armes, 10 and stood on tiptoes, that he might appear the taller, and cried out, in a very loud voice; I rejoyce, I rejoyce—We wondred, I remember, what new great fortune had befalln his Eminence. *Xerxes* (saies he) is All mine own. He who took away the sight of the Sea, with the Canvas Vailles of so many ships—and then he goes on so, as I know not what to make of the rest, whither it be the fault of the Edition, or the Orators own burly way of Non-sence.

This is the character that *Seneca* gives of this *Hyperbolical* Fop, whom we stand amazed at, and yet there are very few 20 men who are not in some things, and to some degrees *Grandio*'s. Is any thing more common, then to see our Ladies of quality wear such high shooes as they cannot walk in, without one to lead them? and a Gown as long again as their Body, so that they cannot stir to the next room without a Page or two to hold it up? I may safely say, That all the ostentation of our Grandees is just like a Train of no use in the world, but horribly cumbersome and incommodious. What is all this, but a spice of *Grandio*? how tædious would this be, if we were always bound to it? I do believe there 30 is no King, who would not rather be deposed, than endure every day of his Reign all the Ceremonies of his Coronation. The mightiest Princes are glad to fly often from these Majestique pleasures (which is, methinks, no small disparagement to them) as it were for refuge, to the most

contemptible divertisements, and meanest recreations of the vulgar, nay, even of Children. One of the most powerful and fortunate Princes of the world, of late, could finde out no delight so satisfactory, as the keeping of little singing Birds, and hearing of them, and whistling to them. What did the Emperours of the whole world? If ever any men had the free and full enjoyment of all humane Greatness (nay that would not suffice, for they would be gods too) they certainly possest it: and yet, one of them who stiled himself Lord and  
10 God of the Earth; could not tell how to pass his whole day pleasantly, without spending constant two or three hours in catching of Flies, and killing them with a bodkin, as if his Godship had been *Beelzebub*. One of his Predecessors, *Nero* (who never put any bounds, nor met with any stop to his Appetite) could divert himself with no pastime more agreeable, than to run about the streets all night in a disguise, and abuse the women, and affront the men whom he met, and sometimes to beat them, and sometimes to be beaten by them: This was one of his Imperial nocturnal pleasures. His  
20 chiefest in the day, was to sing and play upon a Fiddle, in the habit of a Minstril, upon the publick stage: he was prouder of the Garlands that were given to his Divine voice (as they called it then) in those kinde of Prizes, than all his Forefathers were, of their Triumphs over nations: He did not at his death complain, that so mighty an Emperour and the last of all the *Cæsarian* race of Deities, should be brought to so shameful and miserable an end, but only cryed out, Alas, what pity 'tis that so excellent a Musician should perish in this manner! His Uncle *Claudius* spent half his time at  
30 playing at Dice, that was the main fruit of his Sovereignty. I omit the madneses of *Caligula*'s delights, and the execrable sordidness of those of *Tiberius*. Would one think that *Augustus* himself, the highest and most fortunate of mankind, a person endowed too with many excellent parts of Nature, should be so hard put to it sometimes for want of recreations,

as to be found playing at Nuts and bounding stones, with little *Syrian* and *Moorish* Boyes, whose company he took delight in, for their prating and their wantonness?

Was it for this, that *Romes* best blood he spilt,

With so much Falshood, so much guilt?

Was it for this that his Ambition strove,

To æqual *Cæsar* first, and after *Jove*?

Greatness is barren sure of solid joyes;

Her Merchandize (I fear) is all in toyes,

She could not else sure so uncivil be,

10

To treat his universal Majesty,

His new-created Deity,

With Nuts and Bounding-stones and Boys.

But we must excuse her for this meager entertainment, she has not really wherewithall to make such Feasts as we imagine, her Guests must be contented sometimes with but slender Cates, and with the same cold meats served over and over again, even till they become Nauseous. When you have pared away all the Vanity what solid and natural contentment does there remain which may not be had with five 20 hundred pounds a year? not so many servants or horses; but a few good ones, which will do all the business as well: not so many choice dishes at every meal, but at several meals, all of them, which makes them both the more healthy, and the more pleasant: not so rich garments, not so frequent changes, but as warm and as comely, and so frequent change too, as is every jot as good for the Master, though not for the Tailor, or *Valet de chamber*: not such a stately Palace, nor guilt rooms, or the costliest sorts of Tapestry; but a convenient brick house, with decent Wainscot, and pretty 30 Forest-work hangings. Lastly, (for I omit all other particulars, and will end with that which I love most in both conditions) not whole Woods cut in walks, nor vast Parks, nor Fountain, or Cascade-Gardens; but herb, and flower, and

fruit-Gardens which are more useful, and the water every whit as clear and wholesome, as if it darted from the breasts of a marble Nymph, or the Urn of a River-God. If for all this, you like better the substance of that former estate of Life, do but consider the inseparable accidents of both: Servitude, Disquiet, Danger, and most commonly Guilt, Inherent in the one; in the other Liberty, Tranquility, Security and Innocence, and when you have thought upon this, you will confess that to be a truth which appeared to  
 10 you before, but a ridiculous *Paradox*, that a low Fortune is better guarded and attended than an high one. If indeed we look only upon the flourishing Head of the Tree, it appears a most beautiful object,

—*Sed quantum vertice ad auras*  
*Ætherias tantum radice ad Tartara tendit.*

As far as up to'wards He'ven the Branches grow,  
 So far the Root sinks down to Hell below.

Another horrible disgrace to greatness is, that it is for the most part in pitiful want and distress: what a wonderful  
 20 thing is this? unless it degenerate into Avarice, and so cease to be Greatness: It falls perpetually into such Necessities, as drive it into all the meanest and most sordid ways of Borrowing, Cousinage, and Robbery, *Mancipiis locuples eget æris Cappadocum Rex*, This is the case of almost all Great men, as well as of the poor King of *Cappadocia*. They abound with slaves, but are indigent of Money. The ancient Roman Emperours, who had the Riches of the whole world for their Revenue, had wherewithal to live (one would have thought) pretty well at ease, and to have been exempt from  
 30 the pressures of extream Poverty. But yet with most of them, it was much otherwise, and they fell perpetually into such miserable penury, that they were forced to devour or squeeze most of their friends and servants, to cheat with infamous projects, to ransack and pillage all their Provinces.

This fashion of Imperial Grandeur, is imitated by all inferior and subordinate sorts of it, as if it were a point of Honour. They must be cheated of a third part of their Estates, two other thirds they must expend in Vanity, so that they remain Debtors for all the Necessary Provisions of life, and have no way to satisfy those debts, but out of the succours and supplies of Rapine, as Riches encreases (says Solomon) so do the Mouths that devour it. The Master Mouth has no more than before. The Owner, methinks, is like *Ocnus* in the Fable, who is perpetually winding a Rope 10 of Hay and an Ass at the end perpetually eating it. Out of these inconveniences arises naturally one more, which is, that no Greatness can be satisfied or contented with it self: still if it could mount up a little higher, it would be Happy, if it could gain but that point, it would obtain all it's desires; but yet at last, when it is got up to the very top of the Pic of Tenarif, it is in very great danger of breaking its neck downwards, but in no possibility of ascending upwards into the seat of Tranquility above the Moon. The first ambitious men in the world, the old Gyants are said to have made an 20 Heroical attempt of scaling Heaven in despite of the gods, and they cast *Ossa* upon *Olympus* and *Pelion* upon *Ossa*: two or three mountains more they thought would have done their Business, but the Thunder spoild all the work, when they were come up to the third story.

*And what a noble plot was crost,  
And what a brave design was lost.*

A famous person of their Off-spring, the late Gyant of our Nation, when from the condition of a very inconsiderable Captain, he had made himself Lieutenant General of an 30 Army of little *Titans*, which was his first Mountain, and afterwards General, which was his second, and after that, absolute Tyrant of three Kingdoms, which was the third, and almost touch'd the Heaven which he affected, is believed

to have dyed with grief and discontent, because he could not attain to the honest name of a King, and the old formality of a Crown, though he had before exceeded the power by a wicked Usurpation. If he could have compass that, he would perhaps have wanted something else that is necessary to felicity, and pined away for want of the Title of an Emperour or a God. The reason of this is, that Greatness has no reallity in Nature, but a Creature of the Fancy, a Notion that consists onely in Relation and Comparison: It is indeed an Idol ;  
 10 but St. *Paul* teaches us, *That an Idol is nothing in the World.* There is in truth no Rising or Meridian of the Sun, but onely in respect to several places: there is no Right or Left, no Upper-Hand in Nature; every thing is Little, and every thing is Great, according as it is diversly compared. There may be perhaps some Village in *Scotland* or *Ireland* where I might be a Great Man; and in that case I should be like *Cæsar*, (you would wonder how *Cæsar* and I, should be like one another in any thing) and choose rather to be the First man of the Village, then Second at *Rome*. Our Country is  
 20 called *Great Britany*, in regard onely of a Lesser of the same Name; it would be but a ridiculous Epithete for it, when we consider it together with the Kingdom of *China*. That too, is but a pitifull Rood of ground in comparison of the whole Earth besides: and this whole Globe of Earth, which we account so immense a Body, is but one Point or Atome in relation to those numberless Worlds that are scattered up and down in the Infinite Space of the Skie, which we behold. The other many Inconveniences of grandeur I have spoken of disperstly in several Chapters, and shall end this with an  
 30 *Ode* of *Horace*, not exactly copied, but rudely imitated.

### 5. *The dangers of an Honest man in much Company.*

IF twenty thousand naked *Americans* were not able to resist the assaults of but twenty well-armed *Spaniards*, I see little

possibility for one Honest man to defend himself against twenty thousand Knaves, who are all furnisht *Cap a pe*, with the defensive arms of worldly prudence, and the offensive too of craft and malice. He will find no less odds than this against him, if he have much to do in humane affairs. The only advice therefore which I can give him, is, to be sure not to venture his person any longer in the open Campagn, to retreat and entrench himself, to stop up all Avenues, and draw up all bridges against so numerous an Enemy. The truth of it is, that a man in much business must either make him- 10 self a Knave, or else the world will make him a Fool: and if the injury went no farther then the being laught at, a wise man would content himself with the revenge of retaliation; but the case is much worse, for these civil *Cannibals* too, as well as the wild ones, not only dance about such a taken stranger, but at last devour him. A sober man cannot get too soon out of drunken company, though they be never so kind and merry among themselves, 'tis not unpleasant only, but dangerous to him. Do ye wonder that a vertuous man should love to be alone? It is hard for him to be otherwise; 20 he is so, when he is among ten thousand: neither is the Solitude so uncomfortable to be alone without any other creature, as it is to be alone, in the midst of wild Beasts. Man is to man all kinde of Beasts, a fauning Dog, a roaring Lion, a thieving Fox, a robbing Wolf, a dissembling Crocodile, a treacherous Decoy, and a rapacious Vulture. The civilest, methinks, of all Nations, are those whom we account the most barbarous, there is some moderation and good Nature in the *Toupinambaltians* who eat no men but their Enemies, whilst we learned and polite and Christian *Euro- 30 peans*, like so many Pikes and Sharks prey upon every thing that we can swallow. It is the great boast of Eloquence and Philosophy, that they first congregated men disperst, united them into Societies, and built up the Houses and the walls of Cities. I wish they could unravel all they had

wooven; that we might have our Woods and our Innocence again instead of our Castles and our Policies. They have assembled many thousands of scattered people into one body: 'tis true, they have done so, they have brought them together into Cities, to cozen, and into Armies to murder one another: They found them Hunters and Fishers of wild creatures, they have made them Hunters and Fishers of their Brethren; they boast to have reduced them to a State of Peace, when the truth is, they have only taught them an  
 10 Art of War; they have framed, I must confess, wholesome laws for the restraint of Vice, but they rais'd first that Devil which now they Conjure and cannot Bind; though there were before no punishments for wickednes, yet there was less committed because there were no Rewards for it. But the men who praise Philosophy from this Topick are much deceived; let Oratory answer for it self, the tinckling perhaps of that may unite a Swarm: it never was the work of Philosophy to assemble multitudes, but to regulate onely, and govern them when they were assembled, to make the  
 20 best of an evil, and bring them, as much as is possible, to Unity again. Avarice and Ambition only were the first Builders of Towns, and Founders of Empire; They said, *Go to, let us build us a City and a Tower whose top may reach unto heaven, and let us make us a name, lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the Earth.*<sup>1</sup> What was the beginning of Rome, the *Metropolis* of all the World? what was it, but a con-course of Theives, and a Sanctuary of Criminals? it was justly named by the *Augury* of no less then twelve Vultures, and the Founder cimented his walls with the blood of his  
 30 Brother; not unlike to this was the beginning even of the first Town too in the world, and such is the Original sin of most Cities: their Actual encrease daily with their Age and growth; the more people, the more wicked all of them; every one brings in his part to enflame the contagion, which

<sup>1</sup> *Gen. II. 4.*



becomes at last so universal and so strong, that no Precepts can be sufficient Preservatives, nor any thing secure our safety, but flight from among the Infected. We ought in the choice of a Scituation to regard above all things the Healthfulness of the place, and the healthfulness of it for the Mind rather than for the Body. But suppose (which is hardly to be supposed) we had Antidote enough against this Poison; nay, suppose farther, we were alwaies and at all pieces armed and provided both against the Assaults of Hostility, and the Mines of Treachery, 'twill yet be but an uncomfortable life 10 to be ever in Alarms; though we were compast round with Fire, to defend ourselves from wild Beasts, the Lodging would be unpleasant, because we must always be obliged to watch that fire, and to fear no less the defects of our Guard, then the diligences of our Enemy. The summe of this is, that a virtuous man is in danger to be trod upon and destroyed in the crowd of his Contraries, nay, which is worse, to be changed and corrupted by them, and that 'tis impossible to escape both these inconveniences without so much caution, as will take away the whole Quiet, that is, the Happiness of 20 his Life. Ye see then, what he may lose, but, I pray, What can he get there? *Quid Romæ faciam? Mentiri nescio.*<sup>1</sup> What should a man of truth and honesty do at Rome? he can neither understand, nor speak the Language of the place; a naked man may swim in the Sea, but 'tis not the way to catch Fish there; they are likelier to devour him, then he them, if he bring no Nets, and use no Deceits. I think therefore it was wise and friendly advice which *Martial* gave to *Fabian*, when he met him newly arrived at *Rome*.<sup>2</sup>

Honest and Poor, faithful in word and thought; 30  
 What has thee, *Fabian*, to the City brought?  
 Thou neither the Buffoon, nor Bawd canst play,  
 Nor with false whispers th'Innocent betray:

<sup>1</sup> *Juv. Sat* 3.

<sup>2</sup> *Mart. L.* 3.

Nor corrupt Wives, nor from rich Beldams get  
 A living by thy industry and sweat ;  
 Nor with vain promises and projects cheat,  
 Nor Bribe or Flatter any of the Great.  
 But you'r a Man of Learning, prudent, just ;  
 A Man of Courage, firm, and fit for trust.  
 Why you may stay, and live unenvyed here ;  
 But (faith) go back, and keep you where you were.

Nay, if nothing of all this were in the case, yet the very  
 10 sight of Uncleanliness is loathsome to the Cleanly ; the sight  
 of Folly and Impiety vexatious to the Wise and Pious.

*Lucretius*,<sup>1</sup> by his favour, though a good Poet ; was but  
 an ill-natur'd Man, when he said, It was delightful to see  
 other Men in a great storm : And no less ill-natur'd should  
 I think *Democritus*, who laught at all the World, but that  
 he retired himself so much out of it, that we may perceive  
 he took no great pleasure in that kind of Mirth. I have been  
 drawn twice or thrice by company to go to *Bedlam*, and have  
 seen others very much delighted with the fantastical ex-  
 20 travagancie of so many various madnesses, which upon me  
 wrought so contrary an effect, that I alwayes returned, not  
 onely melancholy, but ev'n sick with the sight. My com-  
 passion there was perhaps too tender, for I meet a thousand  
 Madmen abroad, without any perturbation ; though, to  
 weigh the matter justly, the total loss of Reason is less  
 deplorable then the total depravation of it. An exact Judge  
 of human blessings, of Riches, Honours, Beauty, even of  
 Wit it self, should pity the abuse of them more then the  
 want.

30 Briefly, though a wise man could pass never so securely  
 through the great Roads of human Life, yet he will meet  
 perpetually with so many objects and occasions of com-  
 passion, grief, shame, anger, hatred, indignation, and all

<sup>1</sup> *Lucr. Lib. 2.*

passions but envy (for he will find nothing to deserve that) that he had better strike into some private path ; nay, go so far, if he could, out of the common way, *Ut nec facta audiat Pelopidarum* ; that he might not so much as hear of the actions of the Sons of *Adam*. But, Whither shall we flye then ? into the Deserts, like the antient Hermites ?

*Qua terra patet fera regnat Erynnis,  
In facinus jurasse putes.*<sup>1</sup>

One would think that all Mankind had bound themselves by an Oath to do all the wickedness they can ; that they had 10 all (as the Scripture speaks) sold themselves to Sin: the difference onely is, that some are a little more crafty (and but a little God knows) in making of the bargain. I thought when I went first to dwell in the Country, that without doubt I should have met there with the simplicity of the old Poetical Golden Age: I thought to have found no Inhabitants there, but such as the Shepherds of Sir *Phil. Sydney* in *Arcadia*, or of *Monsieur d'Urfe* upon the Banks of *Lignon* ; and began to consider with my self, which way I might recommend no less to Posterity the Happiness and Inno- 20 cence of the Men of *Chertsea*: but to confess the truth, I perceived quickly, by infallible demonstrations, that I was still in old *England*, and not in *Arcadia*, or *La Forrest*; that if I could not content my self with any thing less then exact Fidelity in human conversation, I had almost as good go back and seek for it in the Court, or the Exchange, or Westminster-Hall. I ask again then Whither shall we fly, or what shall we do ? The World may so come in a Mans way, that he cannot choose but Salute it, he must take heed though not to go a whoring after it. If by any lawful 30 Vocation, or just necessity men happen to be Married to it, I can onely give them St. *Pauls* advice. *Brethren, the time is short, it remaines that they that have Wives be as*

<sup>1</sup> Metam. 1.

*though they had none.*<sup>1</sup> *But I would that all Men were even as I my self.*<sup>2</sup>

In all cases they must be sure that they do *Mundum ducere*, and not *Mundo nubere*. They must retain the Superiority and Headship over it: Happy are they who can get out of the sight of this Deceitful Beauty, that they may not be led so much as into Temptation; who have not onely quitted the Metropolis, but can abstain from ever seeing the next Market Town of their Country.

## 6. *The danger of Procrastination.*

*A Letter to Mr. S. L.*

10 I AM glad that you approve and applaud my design, of withdrawing my self from all tumult and business of the world; and consecrating the little rest of my time to those studies, to which Nature had so Motherly inclined me, and from which Fortune, like a Step-mother has so long detained me. But nevertheless (you say,—which *But* is *Ærugo mera*,<sup>3</sup> a rust which spoils the good Metal it grows upon. But you say) you would advise me not to precipitate that resolution, but to stay a while longer with patience and complaisance, till I had gotten such an Estate as might afford me (according  
20 to the saying of that person whom you and I love very much, and would believe as soon as another man) *Cum dignitate otium*. This were excellent advice to *Josua*, who could bid the Sun stay too. But there's no fooling with Life when it is once turn'd beyond Forty. The seeking for a Fortune then, is but a desperate After-game, 'tis a hundred to one, if a man fling two Sixes and recover all; especially, if his hand be no luckier than mine. There is some help for all the defects of Fortune, for if a man cannot attain to the length of his wishes, he may have his Remedy by cutting of them

<sup>1</sup> 1 Cor. 7. 29

<sup>2</sup> Verse 7

<sup>3</sup> *Horat.*

shorter. *Epicurus* writes a Letter to *Idomeneus* (who was then a very powerful, wealthy, and (it seems) bountiful person) to recommend to Him who had made so many men Rich, one *Pythocles*, a friend of his, whom he desired might be made a rich man too; But I intreat you that you would not do it just the same way as you have done to many less deserving persons, but in the most Gentlemanly manner of obliging him, which is not to adde any thing to his Estate, but to take something from his desires. The summ of this is, That for the uncertain hopes of some Conveniences we ought 10 not to defer the execution of a work that is Necessary, especially, when the use of those things which we would stay for, may otherwise be supplied, but the loss of time, never recovered: Nay, farther yet, though we were sure to obtain all that we had a mind to, though we were sure of getting never so much by continuing the Game, yet when the light of Life is so near going out, and ought to be so precious, *Le jeu ne vaut pas la Chandele*, The play is not worth the expence of the Candle: after having been long tost in a Tempest, if our Masts be standing, and we have still Sail and Tackling 20 enough to carry us to our Port, it is no matter for the want of Streamers and Top-Gallants; *Utere velis, Totos pande sinus*. A Gentleman in our late Civil Wars, when his Quarters were beaten up by the Enemy, was taken Prisoner, and lost his life afterwards, only by staying to put on a Band, and adjust his Periwig: He would escape like a person of quality, or not at all, and dyed the noble Martyr of Ceremony, and Gentility. I think your counsel of *Festina lente* is as ill to a man who is flying from the world, as it would have been to that unfortunate wel-bred Gentleman, who 30 was so cautious as not to fly undecently from his Enemies, and therefore I prefer *Horace's* advice before yours.

—*Sapere Aude, Incipe*—

Begin; the Getting out of doors is the greatest part of the

Journey. *Varro*<sup>1</sup> teaches us that *Latin Proverb*, *Portam itineri longissimam esse*: But to return to *Horace*,

—*Sapere aude*,

*Incipe, vivendi qui recte prorogat horam*

*Rusticus expectat dum labitur Amnis, at ille*

*Labitur, & labetur in omne volubilis ævum.*

Begin, be bold, and venture to be wise ;

He who defers this work from day to day,

Does on a Rivers Bank expecting stay,

- 10 Till the whole stream, which stopt him, should be gon,  
That runs, and as it runs, forever will run on.

Cæsar (the man of Expedition above all others) was so far from this Folly, that whensoever, in a journey he was to cross any River, he never went one foot out of his way for a Bridge, or a Foord, or a Ferry, but flung himself into it immediately, and swam over ; and this is the course we ought to imitate, if we meet with any stops in our way to Happiness. Stay till the waters are low, stay till some Boats

- 20 You had even as good stay till the River be quite past.

*Persius* (who, you use to say, you do not know whether he be a good Poet or no, because you cannot understand him, and whom therefore (I say) I know to be not a good Poet) has an odd expression of these Procrastinators, which, methinks, is full of Fancy.

*Jam Cras Hesternum consumpsimus, Ecce aliud Cras  
Egerit hos annos.*<sup>2</sup>

Our Yesterdays To morrow now is gone,

And still a new Tomorrow does come on,

- 30 We by Tomorrows draw up all our store,

Till the exhausted Well can yield no more.

And now, I think, I am even with you, for your *Otium cum dignitate*, and *Festina lente*, and three or four other more

<sup>1</sup> *Libr. 1. Agric.*

<sup>2</sup> *Pers. Satyr. 5.*

of your New Latine Sentences: if I should draw upon you all my forces out of *Seneca* and *Plutarch* upon this subject, I should overwhelm you, but I leave those as Triary for your next charge. I shall only give you now a light skirmish out of an Epigrammatist, your special good Friend, and so, *Vale*.

*Mart. Lib. 5. Epigr. 59.*

To morrow you will Live, you always cry ;  
 In what far Country does this morrow lye,  
 That 'tis so mighty long 'ere it arrive ?  
 Beyond the *Indies* does this Morrow live ? 10  
 'Tis so far fetcht this Morrow, that I fear  
 'Twill be both very Old and very Dear.  
 To morrow I will live, the Fool does say ;  
 To Day it self's too Late, the wise liv'd Yesterday.

### 7. *Of My self.*

IT is a hard and nice Subject for a man to write of himself, it grates his own heart to say any thing of disparagement, and the Readers Eares to hear any thing of praise from him. There is no danger from me of offending him in this kind ; neither my Mind, nor my Body, nor my Fortune, allow me any materials for that Vanity. It is sufficient, for my own 20 contentment, that they have preserved me from being scandalous, or remarkable on the defective side. But besides that, I shall here speak of myself, only in relation to the subject of these precedent discourses, and shall be likelier thereby to fall into the contempt, then rise up to the estimation of most people. As far as my Memory can return back into my past Life, before I knew, or was capable of guessing what the world, or glories, or business of it were, the natural affections of my soul gave me a secret bent of aversion from them, as some Plants are said to turn away from others, by 30 an Antipathy imperceptible to themselves, and inscrutable to mans understanding. Even when I was a very young

Boy at School, instead of running about on Holy-daies and playing with my fellows ; I was wont to steal from them, and walk into the fields, either alone with a Book, or with some one Companion, if I could find any of the same temper. I was then too, so much an Enemy to all constraint, that my Masters could never prevail on me, by any perswasions or encouragements, to learn without Book the common rules of Grammar, in which they dispensed with me alone, because they found I made a shift to do the usual exercise out of  
 10 my own reading and observation. That I was then of the same mind as I am now (which I confess, I wonder at my self) may appear by the latter end of an Ode, which I made when I was but thirteen years old, and which was then printed with many other Verses. The Beginning of it is Boyish, but of this part which I here set down (if a very little were corrected) I should hardly now be much ashamed.

## 9.

This only grant me, that my means may lye  
 Too low for Envy, for Contempt too high.

Some Honor I would have  
 20 Not from great deeds, but good alone.  
 The unknown are better than ill known.

Rumour can ope' the Grave,  
 Acquaintance I would have, but when 't depends  
 Not on the number, but the choice of Friends.

## 10.

Books should, not business entertain the Light,  
 And sleep, as undisturb'd as Death, the Night.

My House a Cottage, more  
 Then Palace, and should fitting be  
 For all my Use, no Luxury.

30 My Garden painted o're  
 With Natures hand, not Arts ; and pleasures yeild,  
*Horace* might envy in his Sabine field.



## II.

Thus would I double my Lifes fading space,  
For he that runs it well, twice runs his race.

And in this true delight,  
These unbought sports, this happy State,  
I would not fear nor wish my fate,  
But boldly say each night,  
To morrow let my Sun his beams display,  
Or in clouds hide them; I have liv'd to Day.

You may see by it, I was even then acquainted with the Poets (for the Conclusion is taken out of *Horace*;) and per- 10  
haps it was the immature and immoderate love of them which stamp'd first, or rather engraved these Characters in me: They were like Letters cut into the Bark of a young Tree, which with the Tree still grow proportionably. But, how this love came to be produced in me so early, is a hard question: I believe I can tell the particular little chance that filled my head first with such Chimes of Verse, as have never since left ringing there: For I remember when I began to read, and to take some pleasure in it, there was wont to lie 20  
in my Mothers Parlour (I know not by what accident, for she her self never in her life read any Book but of Devotion) but there was wont to lie *Spencers Works*; this I happened to fall upon, and was infinitely delighted with the Stories of the Knights, and Giants, and Monsters, and brave Houses, which I found every where there: (Though my understanding had little to do with all this) and by degrees with the tinckling of the Rhyme and Dance of the Numbers, so that I think I had read him all over before I was twelve years old, and was thus made a Poet as irremediably as a Child is made 30  
an Eunuch. With these affections of mind, and my heart wholly set upon Letters, I went to the University; But was soon torn from thence by that violent Publick storm which would suffer nothing to stand where it did, but rooted up

every Plant, even from the Princely Cedars to Me, the Hyssop. Yet I had as good fortune as could have befallen me in such a Tempest; for I was cast by it into the Family of one of the best Persons, and into the Court of one of the best Princesses of the World. Now though I was here engaged in wayes most contrary to the Original design of my life, that is, into much company, and no small business, and into a daily sight of Greatness, both Militant and Triumphant (for that was the state then of the *English* and  
 10 *French* Courts) yet all this was so far from altering my Opinion, that it onely added the confirmation of Reason to that which was before but Natural Inclination. I saw plainly all the Paint of that kind of Life, the nearer I came to it; and that Beauty which I did not fall in Love with, when, for ought I knew, it was reall, was not like to bewitch, or intice me, when I saw that it was Adulterate. I met with several great Persons, whom I liked very well, but could not perceive that any part of their Greatness was to be liked or desired, no more then I would be glad, or content to be in  
 20 a Storm, though I saw many Ships which rid safely and bravely in it: A storm would not agree with my stomach, if it did with my Courage. Though I was in a croud of as good company as could be found any where, though I was in business of great and honourable trust, though I eate at the best Table, and enjoyed the best conveniences for present subsistence that ought to be desired by a man of my condition in banishment and publick distresses; yet I could not abstain from renewing my old School-boys Wish in a Copy of Verses to the same effect.

30           Well then; I now do plainly see  
               This busie World and I shall ne're agree, &c.

And I never then proposed to my self any other advantage from His Majesties Happy Restoration, but the getting into some moderately convenient Retreat in the Country, which

I thought in that case I might easily have compassed, as well as some others, with no greater probabilities or pretences have arrived to extraordinary fortunes: But I had before written a shrewd Prophesie against my self, and I think *Apollo* inspired me in the Truth, though not in the Elegance of it.

Thou, neither great at Court nor in the War,  
Nor at th'Exchange shal't be, nor at the wrangling Barr;  
Content thy self with the small barren praise  
Which neglected Verse does raise, &c.<sup>1</sup>

However by the failing of the Forces which I had expected, 10  
I did not quit the Design which I had resolved on, I cast my self into it *A Corps Perdu*, without making capitulations, or taking counsel of Fortune. But God laughs at a Man, who sayes to his Soul, *Take thy ease*: I met presently not onely with many little encumbrances and impediments, but with so much sickness (a new misfortune to me) as would have spoiled the happiness of an Emperour as well as Mine: Yet I do neither repent nor alter my course. *Non ego perfidum Dixi Sacramentum*; Nothing shall separate me from a Mis-  
tress, which I have loved so long, and have now at last 20  
married; though she neither has brought me a rich Portion, nor lived yet so quietly with me as I hoped from Her.

——— *Nec vos, dulcissima mundi  
Nomina, vos Musæ, Libertas, Otia, Libri,  
Hortique Sylvæque anima remanente relinquam.*

Nor by me ere shall you,  
You of all Names the sweetest, and the best,  
You Muses, Books, and Liberty and Rest;  
You Gardens, Fields, and Woods forsaken be,  
As long as Life it self forsakes not Me. 30

But this is a very petty Ejaculation; because I have concluded all the other Chapters with a Copy of Verses, I will maintain the Humour to the last.

<sup>1</sup> *Pindar. Od. Destiny.*

Martial. L. 10. Ep. 47.

*Vitam quæ faciunt beatioorem, &c.*

- SINCE, dearest Friend, 'tis your desire to see  
 A true Receipt of Happiness from Me;  
 These are the chief Ingredients, if not all;  
 Take an Estate neither too great nor small,  
 Which *Quantum Sufficit* the Doctors call.  
 Let this Estate from Parents care descend;  
 The getting it too much of Life does spend.  
 Take such a Ground, whose gratitude may be  
 A fair Encouragement for Industry.
- 10 Let constant Fires the Winters fury tame;  
 And let thy Kitchens be a Vestal Flame.  
 Thee to the Town let never Suit at Law,  
 And rarely, very rarely Business draw.  
 Thy active Mind in equal Temper keep,  
 In undisturbed Peace, yet not in sleep.  
 Let Exercise a vigorous Health maintain,  
 Without which all the Composition's vain.  
 In the same weight Prudence and Innocence take,  
*Ana* of each does the just mixture make.
- 20 But a few Friendships wear, and let them be  
 By Nature and by Fortune fit for thee.  
 In stead of Art and Luxury in food,  
 Let Mirth and Freedome make thy Table good.  
 If any cares into thy Day-time creep,  
 At night, without Wines Opium, let them sleep. \*
- Let rest, which Nature does to Darkness wed,  
 And not Lust, recommend to thee thy Bed,  
 Be satisfi'd, and pleas'd with what thou art;  
 Act chearfully and well th'alotted part,
- 30 Enjoy the present Hour, be thankful for the Past,  
 And neither fear, nor wish th'approaches of the last.

## LETTER TO DR. RICHARD BUSBY

With a copy of *A. Couleii Plantarum Libri Duo* (1662).

SIR,

I should have made you this mean present before, but that I have been out of town; and as some things are too great, soe this is too little to bee sent farre. If I were not well acquainted with your candour, and your particular favour to mee, it would be madnes to venture this criminal in the presence of soe great and soe long-practised a judge of these matters. It may be a fitter entertainment for some of your schollars than for yourself, and is a more proportionable companion for the hyssop than the cedars of Lebanon. I <sup>10</sup> ask, therefore, your pardon for this liberty, and am, with great respect, Sir, your most humble, and most faithful servant,

A. Cowley.

## NOTES

PAGE xv. AN ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS. Thomas Sprat (1635-1713), who wrote this, and Martin Clifford (d. 1677), to whom it is addressed, were both friends of Cowley. Clifford went to Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1640, while Cowley was there; and Sprat, who entered Wadham College, Oxford, in 1652, greeted the publication of Cowley's *Poems* (1656) with an extensive Pindaric Ode of his own. This is said to have brought about his first acquaintance with Cowley. All three men were interested in the initial activities of the Royal Society and took part in meetings intended to promote the institution of an English Academy (Evelyn, *Diary and Correspondence*, ed. Bray, 1902, iii. 311). Sprat published his *History of the Royal Society* in 1667, and later rose to high ecclesiastical office, becoming Bishop of Rochester in 1684. Clifford's *Treatise of Humane Reason* appeared in 1674.

Of this *Account* Dr. Johnson complained that it is 'a funeral oration rather than a history', that it gives 'the character, not the life of Cowley'. It does, however, provide information which although not always accurate is often reliable enough. Sprat, at the age of thirty-three, may be pardoned for a description of Cowley's achievements and character which perhaps errs on the side of generosity. Four of his paragraphs have here been omitted.

PAGE xvi, l. 12. *His Parents*. His father, Thomas Cowley, was either a grocer or a carpenter. He died in 1618, before Abraham, his seventh child, was born.

l. 19. *Spencer's Fairy Queen*. See Cowley's essay, 'Of my Self', p. 103, l. 22.

l. 24. *In the thirteenth year*. *Poetical Blossomes* may have been ready by then but was not published until 1633, when Cowley was fifteen.

PAGE xvii, ll. 28-35. *Mr. Herveys Death . . . my Lord St. Albans*. William Hervey entered Pembroke College in 1636. He was a cousin of Henry Jermyn, afterwards first Earl of St. Albans, whom Cowley served in France 1644-54. William Hervey died at Cambridge in May 1642. For Cowley's elegy see pp. 16-21.

PAGE xix, ll. 11-15. *Then it was thought fit . . . Nation*. It is not known exactly how Cowley's return to England was arranged, but facilities for it were granted by the Protector in May and again in August 1654. Cowley's activities in London at this time are also obscure. It was reported to the King in March 1655 that he was concerned in the Duke of Buckingham's interview at Dover with one of Cromwell's adherents; and what

in the end Cowley seems to have done was to compromise himself with the Royalists in France without winning the confidence of the government in England.

l. 18. *seiz'd on by a mistake*. This was after the discovery of the Royalist plot of March 1655 and the suspicion of another plot which led to the arrest of 'divers persons in London supposed to have a hand therein'. If the 'mistake' had been quite obvious Cowley might have been released at once, as certain others were.

l. 22. *tryed . . . to make him serviceable to their ends*. That they should not have succeeded, or not in the way they hoped, may well be to Cowley's credit; but their attitude seems to have rendered him more willing to make apparent gestures of conciliation, of which the most open and the most harmful to his repute with the Royalists was the passage in the Preface to his *Poems* of 1656, which Sprat next tries to explain.

l. 34. *a few lines in the Preface*. See p. 67, ll. 6-35 and note.

PAGE xx, l. 9. *the true reason*. This amounts to the plea that Cowley became willing to conceal his allegiance to the King in the faith that better times would come, and come more quickly, if the Royalists in England should pretend to acquiesce in the Commonwealth régime; but in some Royalist quarters at least Cowley's words were naturally supposed to mean exactly what they appeared to say, and indeed it seems more likely that Cowley, who was not enamoured of court life in all its aspects, and who was essentially a man of peace and of flexible mentality, had come sincerely to believe that the Royalist cause was broken and that no good purpose could be served by prolonging the conflict. This was a view accepted, more or less fully, by many others who afterwards regretted their premature change of front, and for whom Sprat does his best at the end of this paragraph. Cowley's return to France (see p. xix, l. 29) in 1659 was probably instigated by Jermyn in the friendly hope that Cowley might there regain the King's favour.

PAGE xxii, ll. 5-7. *a plentiful Estate . . . Buckingham*. Jermyn, now Earl of St. Albans, was instrumental in obtaining for Cowley in 1662 the lease of Oldcourt, a considerable estate in Kent, which was among the properties remaining to Queen Henrietta Maria. It is alleged by Aubrey, *Brief Lives*, i. 189-90, that Buckingham presented Cowley with the farm at Chertsey where he went to live in 1665. Buckingham was at Trinity College, Cambridge, while Cowley was there, and took the degree of M.A. in 1642 at the age of fourteen.

PAGE xxiv, l. 23. *to know when he has done enough*. See Dryden on Cowley, p. xl, ll. 10-11 and note.

PAGE xxvi, ll. 4-5. *in a place, where he had no other Books to*

*direct him.* This was probably Jersey, which Cowley is known to have visited twice, in 1646 and 1651. 'direct' may be a misprint for 'divert'.

l. 34. *a new sort of Writing.* Jonson had written his 'Pindaric Ode on the Death of Sir H. Morison' with respect for the threefold division into strophes, antistrophes, and epodes. Cowley aimed rather at giving what he conceived to be the spirit and style, without regarding the metrical form, of Pindar's poetry. See his own remarks in the Preface to *Poems* (1656), p. 69, ll. 11-35, and in his Preface to the Odes, pp. 73-5; also 'The Resurrection', p. 49, ll. 52-64.

PAGE xxvii, ll. 5-7. *This way of leaving Verbal Translations . . . present Age.* The practice was hardly new, but Cowley certainly appears to have been one of the first openly to recommend the principle of rendering the spirit rather than the letter of an original text. He does this in the Preface to the Odes (see pp. 73-5). His friend Denham was another pioneer of this theory. See Loiseau, pp. 471 sqq.

ll. 13-18. *His Davideis . . . Cambridge.* These statements have been generally accepted but, as shown by Mr. J. F. Ker-mode in a note in *Rev. of Eng. Stud.*, April, 1949, they call at least for some modification. Dorothy Osborne, in 1654, referring to a passage in book ii, speaks of the poem as 'a new thing' (which she must have seen in manuscript); the digression on music in book i can hardly have been written before 1650 (see note to p. 36); and, as Nethercot observes (pp. 153-4), the political discussion in book iv, with Samuel's advice against a restoration of the monarchy, is part of the evidence that by 1656 (when *Davideis* first appeared) Cowley was willing to make terms with the Commonwealth. His own remarks in his Preface (p. 70, ll. 22 sqq.) on the superiority of scriptural to pagan themes for poetry are paralleled in his Elegy on Crashaw, ll. 17-28 (p. 22). Crashaw died in 1649. It is possible, then, that much of *Davideis* was written after that, but also that Cowley designed the poem and wrote some of it before he left Cambridge.

ll. 25-6. *a better instance . . . than I ever yet saw.* Perhaps when he wrote this Sprat had not yet seen *Paradise Lost* (1667).

PAGE xxviii, l. 4. *his Latin Poems.* These were first collected by Sprat and published, separately from the English works, in 1668: *A. Couleii Poemata Latina*.

ll. 25-6. *his Six Books of Plants.* Two of these were published in 1662, the rest in *Poemata Latina*, 1668.

PAGE xxix, l. 1. *one of the Antients.* ? Solon.

l. 23. *Mr. Creswel.* The friendship with Robert Cresswell dated from Westminster and Cambridge.

PAGE xxxiv, l. 13. *His Muse . . . complain'd.* The reference



is to the poem called 'The Complaint', which is not included in the present selection. It was first published in 1663.

PAGE xxxvi, l. 14. *Antiquam exquirite Matrem*. Virg. *Aen.* iii. 96.

PAGE xxxix. DRYDEN ON COWLEY. ll. 27-8. *more equal Thoughts*. Thoughts better sustained, keeping to a more consistent level of intellectual quality.

PAGE xl, ll. 10-11. *knows also when to leave off, &c.* In its bearing on Cowley this phrase has an interesting antecedence. In a note on his Pindaric Ode 'To Mr. Hobs', ll. 86-9 (see p. 45 and note), Cowley quotes Claudian on 'the neighbourhood of Fire and Snow upon *Ætna*', adding 'where, methinks, is somewhat of that which Seneca objects to Ovid, *Nescivit quod bene cessit relinquere*. When he met with a *Phansie* that pleased him, he could not find in his heart to quit, or ever to have done with it.' The reference is to the *Controversiae* of the elder Seneca, ix. v. 17. Sprat (p. xxiv, ll. 22-3) commends Cowley for the virtue denied by Seneca to Ovid: 'He perfectly practises the hardest secret of good Writing, to know when he has done enough.' In the Preface to *Fables* Dryden compares Ovid with Chaucer in this respect, to Chaucer's advantage; and then brings in Cowley as a more recent poet who, like Ovid, did not know where to draw the line.

l. 14. *forgive*. Forgo, deny himself.

PAGE xli. ADDISON ON COWLEY. l. 3. *turns*. Sc. of wit or phrasing. l. 4. *He more had pleas'd us, &c.* Cf. Boileau, *Épîtres*, ix. 80: 'Et ne déplaît enfin que pour vouloir trop plaire.'

ll. 7-10. Addison is indebted to Cowley for this image. See 'Ode. Of Wit', ll. 37-40 (p. 12).

PAGE xliii. POPE ON COWLEY. In Horace's *Epistle to Augustus*, adapted and supplied with modern instances by Pope, it was intended to answer those who admired the old poets, conventionally and uncritically, at the expense of the new. The long-continued praise of Cowley provided Pope with a convenient example, but we may be sure that Pope's opinion of Cowley is not exactly or completely represented here.

PAGE xliii. JOHNSON ON COWLEY. The *Life of Cowley*, with its famous account of the 'race of writers that may be termed the metaphysical poets', contains also many valuable remarks on particular poems by Cowley. Some of these remarks are included in the notes below. References are to *Lives of the English Poets*, ed. Hill, Oxford, 1905, Vol. I.

ll. 11-13. *What is said, &c.* Cf. Sprat, p. xxxiii, ll. 11-12.

l. 20. *Felton*. *A Dissertation on Reading the Classics, and forming a Just Style*, by the Reverend Henry Felton (1679-1740), was first published in 1713.

PAGE xliv. COLERIDGE ON COWLEY. l. 25. *the moderns*. Coleridge has in mind the poets of Pope's generation and later, with their fondness for 'poetic diction', conventional imagery, and facile personification. Dr. Johnson suggests a similar comparison between the metaphysical poets and the 'moderns' when he says, in favour of the former, that 'no man could be born a metaphysical poet, nor assume the dignity of a writer by descriptions copied from descriptions, by imitations borrowed from imitations, by traditional imagery and hereditary similes, by readiness of rhyme and volubility of syllables' (*Life of Cowley*, 60).

l. 26-p. xlv, l. 1. *Donne to Cowley . . . arbitrary*. Cf. Dryden, *Essay of Dramatic Poesy* (*Essays*, ed. Ker, i, p. 52): 'So that there is this difference betwixt [Cleveland's] *Satires* and doctor Donne's; that the one gives us deep thoughts in common language, though rough cadence; the other gives us common thoughts in abstruse words.'

PAGE xlv, l. 8. *point*. An arresting turn of thought, often found at the end of a couplet: 'a *point* was looked for at the end of each second line' (Coleridge, *Biographia Literaria*, ch. i).

PAGE 2. SYLVA. Added to *Poetical Blossomes* in 1636, when Cowley was eighteen. Save where the earlier editions appear to give preferable readings the text of the three poems from *Sylva* is that of *Works*, 1681, the first of the collective editions in which *Sylva* is reprinted.

PAGE 2. ON THE PRAISE OF POETRY. In this poem Cowley draws much upon his knowledge of classical verse devoted to the immortalizing virtue of poetry, as in Ovid, *Amores*, I. xv; III. viii; Horace, *Odes*, III. xxx. Towards the end (ll. 31-6) Cowley adapts some lines in Famianus Strada's poem on the contest between a nightingale and a lute-player (*Prolusiones*, 1617). For other references and paraphrases in the seventeenth century see note to Crashaw's rendering of Strada (Crashaw's *Poems*, Oxford, 1927, pp. 439-40).

l. 26. *officious*. In the obsolete sense of attentive, helpful.

PAGE 3, ll. 31-2. *Syrens . . . place*. Strada (l. 7) calls the nightingale 'Musa loci, nemoris Siren'.

ll. 33-6. Compare Strada (ll. 52-7):

Nam dum discrimina tanta  
Reddere tot fidium nativa & simplice tentat  
Voce, canaliculisque imitari grandia paruis;  
Impar magnanimis ausis, imparque dolori  
Deficit & vitam summo in certamine linquens  
Victoris cadit in plectrum, par nacta sepulchrum.

l. 38. *Mausolus*. Cowley refers to the famous tomb at Halicarnassus (Mausoleum) of Mausolus, ruler of Caria, who died 353 B.C.

PAGE 3. UPON THE SHORTNESS OF MANS LIFE. The germ of this poem is probably in Horace, *Odes*, ii. xvi. 17 sqq.: 'Quid brevi fortes iaculamur aevo', &c. Cowley refers to that line in his essay on 'The Shortness of Life and uncertainty of Riches'.

1. 6. *tract*. Trace.

PAGE 4. TO THE DUTCHESS OF BUCKINGHAM. Lady Katherine Manners (d. 1649), widow of George Villiers, first Duke of Buckingham (1592-1628), whom she married in 1620, was the mother of Cowley's young patron, the second duke, born in 1628. See note to p. xxii, ll. 5-7.

PAGE 5. THE CHRONICLE. 'The *Chronicle* is a poem unrivalled and alone: such gaiety of fancy, such facility of expression, such varied similitude, such a succession of images, and such a dance of words, it is vain to expect except from Cowley' (Johnson, *Life of Cowley*, 109).

PAGE 7, l. 74. *Matchavil*. One of the numerous English forms of Machiavelli.

1. 78. *Holinshead or Stow*. The reference is to Raphael Holinshead's *Chronicles* (1577) and to John Stow's *Chronicles of England* (1580), &c.

PAGES 8-II. DRINKING; THE ACCOUNT, THE GRASHOPPER. These three poems are examples of Cowley's paraphrases of 'Anacreon'. Of Cowley's success in his 'Anacreontiques' Dr. Johnson observes: 'These little pieces will be found more finished in their kind than any other of Cowley's works. The diction shews nothing of the mould of time, and the sentiments are at no great distance from our present habitudes of thought. . . . If he was formed by nature for one kind of writing more than for another, his power seems to have been greatest in the familiar and the festive' (*Life of Cowley*, 116 and 118).

PAGE 11. ODE. OF WIT. 'The ode on Wit is almost without a rival. It was about the time of Cowley, that *Wit*, which had been till then used for *Intellection*, in contradistinction to *Will*, took the meaning whatever it be which it now bears' (Johnson, *Life of Cowley*, 104). The ode illustrates the vague and shifty connotation of the term in the seventeenth century. Cowley, after rejecting certain unsatisfactory meanings, finds the essence of wit in unity imposed on variety, in such intelligent ordering of diversities as is found in good literature, especially poetry, which he has chiefly in mind. In the penultimate line 'right Wit' is associated with 'height of Genius'. It implies imagination, inventive power, but it is beginning at this time to imply also judgement, the control of imagination by reason; see ll. 27-8; and respect for judgement was to grow. 'Judgement', Hobbes pronounced in 1650, 'begets the strength and structure, and Fancy begets the ornaments of a Poem'; and hence was

encouraged that deliberate separation of 'thought' from 'expression' which was to have far-reaching effects on poetry and which is represented, for instance, in Cowley's Ode 'To the Royal Society'; for there he speaks of 'Words, which are but Pictures of the Thought'. See Introduction, p. ix. The use of the term 'wit' in contemporary criticism is discussed by Spingarn, *Critical Essays of the Seventeenth Century*, i, pp. xxvii-xxxvi, and by C. D. Thorpe, *The Aesthetic Theory of Thomas Hobbes*. It is not known exactly when the Ode was written or to whom it was addressed.

1. 3. *the First matter loves Variety*. Cowley may have remembered Ovid's description of Chaos in *Metamorphoses*, i. 15-17:

Sic erat instabilis tellus, innabilis unda,  
Lucis egens aer; nulli sua forma manebat,  
Obstabat aliis aliud. . . .

1. 8. *Spirits in a Place*. In *Dauides*, ii ad fin., Gabriel 'Bodies and cloathes himself with thickned air'; and in a note Cowley refers to Aquinas, *Sententiae*, ii, *Distinctio* 9 (for 9 read 8), where the issue under discussion is *Vtrum angeli omnes corporei sint*. Cowley points out that 'this way of *Spirits* appearing in bodies of condensed air . . . is approved of by all the *Schoolmen* and the *Inquisitors* about Witches. But they are beholding for this Invention to the ancient *Poets*'; and he quotes Virgil, *Aeneid*, x. 636-7. Burton discusses the subject in *Anatomy*, Part I, sec. 2, mem. 1, subs. 2, and quotes the syllogism '*quidquid continetur in loco, corporeum est: at spiritus continetur in loco. ergo.*' Cf. Dryden, *Of Heroic Plays* (*Essays*, ed. Ker, i, p. 153, ll. 20-7).

1. 12. *Zeuxes Birds*. The birds which, according to the story about Zeuxis, the artist (*fl.* fifth century B.C.), came to peck at the grapes he had painted.

1. 14. *Multiplying*. Magnifying.

PAGE 12, l. 24. *The Proofs*, &c. Cf. Horace, *Ars Poetica*, 365; 'Haec placuit semel, haec decies repetita placebit.'

ll. 29-30. *Numbers . . . wall*. Alluding to the skill in music of Amphion, one of the mythical rulers of Thebes; his harp-playing drew the stones of Thebes into their places.

ll. 33-40. *Yet 'tis not*, &c. Pope was probably indebted to this stanza when he wrote his lines on 'Conceit' in the *Essay on Criticism* (ii. 289-304). Cowley himself recalls Sidney, *Apologie for Poetrie* (ed. J. C. Collins, Oxford, 1907, pp. 57-8): 'like those Indians, not content to weare eare-rings at the fit and naturall place of the eares, but they will thrust Iewels through their nose and lippes, because they will be sure to be fine.'

1. 37. *Several . . . seen*. Separate lights will not be distinguishable. Addison applies the image to Cowley's own poetry; see p. xli, ll. 7-10. Cf. also Pope, *loc. cit.*, 301-2.

PAGE 13, l. 50. *Bajazet*. In Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*.

l. 51. *th'Oxford way*. In the editions of the *Works*, published after Cowley's death, this was altered to 'the *Bombast way*'. Sprat was an Oxford man.

l. 52. *dry chips of short-lung'd Seneca*. Alluding to the brevity and condensation of Seneca's style, often opposed to that of Cicero and often imitated by seventeenth-century writers.

ll. 55-6. *like the Power Divine*, &c. Hobbes, *Leviathan*, ii. 31, adopts this traditional Neoplatonist doctrine, giving a list of qualities which are *not* attributable to God.

ll. 57-8. *all things must be . . . agree*. Cowley states the aesthetic doctrine of unity in variety. 'All things must be' probably in the sense that, as in the created world, any one thing implies the existence and co-operation of all the rest. Cf. Hooker: 'God hath created nothing simply for itself: but each thing in all things, and of every thing each part in other hath such interest, that in the whole world nothing is found whereunto any thing created can say, "I need thee not."' ('Sermon on the Nature of Pride', *Works*, 1885, ii, p. 715.) Thorpe (op. cit., p. 268) suggests that 'all things' are all the poetic faculties, as enumerated in Cowley's Ode 'The Muse' (p. 40, ll. 3-15).

l. 61. *Primitive Forms*. Cowley refers to the Platonic distinction between the 'forms' or 'ideas' or 'universals' and the transient created things which are copied from them. See Plato, *Timaeus*, 28 sqq. See also the 'Digression on Musick' in *Davidis*, i (p. 37, ll. 7-11).

l. 64. *Mirror*. Here in the sense of a pattern or model, viz. the '*Primitive Forms*' as a whole. The Platonic doctrine was harmonized in theological tradition with the teaching of Genesis ii. 4-5: 'the Lord God made the earth and the heavens, and every herb of the field before it grew.' Gabriel at the end of *Davidis*, ii, says to David:

The things thou saw'est are full of *truth* and *light*,  
Shap'd in the *glass* of the divine *Foresight*;

and Cowley adds in a note: 'It is rightly termed a *Glass* or *Mirror*, for God foresees all things by looking only on himself, in whom all things always are.'

PAGE 13. TO SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT. In *Gondibert*, published incomplete in 1651, Davenant tried to improve heroic poetry by making it more human and credible and by giving a dignified simplicity to its style. See Spingarn, *Critical Essays of the Seventeenth Century*, ii, for Davenant's *Discourse upon Gondibert* and Hobbes's *Answer*; and both Spingarn and Thorpe (op. cit.) for accounts of the literary and critical background to the views expressed by Davenant, Hobbes, and Cowley.

l. 2. *some fantastick Fairy Land*. See note to *Davideis*, 'A Description of Heaven', p. 35, l. 2.

PAGE 14, ll. 23-4. *great Italy, &c.* The scene of the poem was set in that country.

PAGE 15, l. 38. *new Worlds*. Davenant was captured by the Parliamentarians on his way to Virginia in 1650.

PAGE 15. ON THE DEATH OF SIR HENRY WOOTTON. Or Wotton. Diplomatist and writer. Lived 1568-1639.

l. 6. *Fourth Embassie*. His three earthly ones were to France, The Hague, and Vienna.

l. 25. *Pellæan Youth*. Alexander the Great, born at Pella, the capital of the Macedonian kings. Cowley recalls Juvenal, x. 168: 'Unus Pellæo iuveni non sufficit orbis.'

PAGE 16. ON THE DEATH OF MR. WILLIAM HERVEY. See note to p. xvii, ll. 28-35.

(Heading) *Immodicis brevis*, &c. Martial, vi. xxix. 7.

PAGE 17, l. 35. *Ledæan Stars*. Castor and Pollux, twin sons of Zeus and Leda. They were famous for their mutual love and became identified with the constellation Gemini.

PAGE 18, ll. 67-8. *to hear It rage and crackle*. See Dr. Johnson's reflections on this image in *Life of Cowley*, 108.

l. 72. *For him*. Cyparissus. See Ovid, *Metamor.* x. 106-42.

PAGE 21. ON THE DEATH OF MR. CRASHAW. Richard Crashaw (? 1613-49) had entered Pembroke College, Cambridge, in 1631 and was admitted Fellow of Peterhouse in 1636, soon after Cowley went to Trinity. The two poets may be supposed to have known each other at Cambridge and, after they had been ejected from their fellowships by the Parliamentary Commissioners in 1644, to have renewed their acquaintance in Paris, where Crashaw had gone, it seems, in the following year. He joined the Roman Catholic Church and was ordained. After spending some time in Rome he was admitted in 1649 to a vacancy as *beneficiatus* or canon at the Cathedral of the Santa Casa at Loreto. He died there the same year.

PAGE 22, l. 17. *Still the old Heathen Gods*. See Cowley's similar reflections in his Preface to *Poems* (1656), p. 70, ll. 22 sqq.

l. 21. *Pans Death*. Supposed, in Christian tradition, to have taken place at the birth of Christ, when also the oracles ceased. See Plutarch, *De Defectu Oraculorum*, 17. In pastoral poetry of the Renaissance, as in Milton's *Nativity Ode*, 'the mighty Pan' was sometimes identified with Christ.

PAGE 23, ll. 55-6. *His Faith, &c.* Cf. Pope, *Essay on Man*, iii. 305-6. *Tenents*. Tenets.

l. 71. *Doubled*. 'And Elisha said, I pray thee, let a double portion of thy spirit be upon me' (2 Kings ii. 9).

PAGE 24. THE SPRING. ll. 17-18. *Where ere you walk'd*, &c. Cf. Pope, *Pastorals*, 'Summer', ll. 73-4.

ll. 23-4. *she, Who fled*, &c. Daphne, turned by Apollo into a bay-tree.

PAGE 26. THE CHANGE. In the obsolete sense of exchange. See st. 4.

l. 7. *Within*. As in l. 6, beneath the surface, within her mind. It is unnecessary to emend, as has been suggested, 'Love's foes' to 'Love's fort'.

PAGE 27. THE WISH. l. 10. *a small House*, &c. Cf. 'The Garden', p. 84, l. 3.

l. 22. This line is restored from *The Mistress*, 1647. It was dropped in later editions.

PAGE 28. MY DYET. With ll. 15-21 cf. Marvell, 'To his Coy Mistress', ll. 13-20.

PAGE 30. AGAINST HOPE. Printed also in the original editions of Crashaw's poems with that poet's answer 'For Hope'. Cowley's is on pp. 31-2. Resource in debate is finely exhibited in both answers, though Crashaw's is on the whole a more inspired example of poetic wit.

l. 9. *Ends*. As in Crashaw's volumes. *End* in the Cowley editions.

PAGE 33. DAVIDEIS. See the observations of Sprat and of Cowley (pp. xxvii-xxviii and 70-3) on this unfinished poem. Four of the intended twelve books were written. No precise date can be attached to these as they stand. See note to p. xxvii, ll. 13-18. *Davidéis* (formed on the analogy of *Aeneis*) has for part of its background the growing interest, among French and English writers, in heroic poetry and especially in the possibilities of the 'sacred epic'. Cowley is right in trying to distinguish between verse-paraphrases of scriptural narrative and his own attempt, the first of its kind in England, to write an original epic based on a scriptural theme but also having regard to classical procedure. Cowley supplied each of the four books with an extensive commentary.

PAGE 33. THE PROPOSITION. THE INVOCATION. l. 27. *trav'el-ing Flame*. The pillar of fire. Exodus xiii. 21.

PAGE 34, l. 36. *It Solomons*, &c. In a note Cowley refers to Haggai ii. 9, taking the disputed view that Herod's Temple was more magnificent than Solomon's.

l. 37. *Muses-Land*. People of the Muses' domain.

l. 42. *And teach that Truth*, &c. See p. 71, ll. 15-16.

PAGE 34. A DESCRIPTION OF HELL. l. 5. *unfletcht* (sc. unfledged) *Tempests*. 'That the *Matter* of winds is an *Exhalation* arising out of the concavities of the Earth, is the opinion of *Aristotle*, and almost all *Philosophers* since him . . .' (Cowley's note). Aristotle, *Meteorologica*, ii. 4. 359<sup>b</sup> sqq.

ll. 7-9. *Beneath*, &c. 'To give a probable reason of the perpetual supply of waters to *Fountains* and *Rivers*, it is necessary to establish an *Abyss* or deep gulph of waters, into which the *Sea* discharges it self, as *Rivers* do into the *Sea* . . .' (Cowley's note).

PAGE 35. A DESCRIPTION OF HEAVEN. l. 2. *Orbs soft Harmony*. Cowley's rational conscience leads him to observe in a note: 'In this, and some like places, I would not have the Reader judge of my opinion by what I say; no more than before in divers expressions about *Hell*, the *Devil*, and *Envy*' (whom he has personified). 'It is enough that the doctrine of the *Orbs*, and the *Musick* made by their motion had been received very anciently.' He gives instances of such poetic deviations from fact in the Bible, Virgil, and Statius. This leads on to Dryden's remarks in his *Essay Of Heroic Plays* (1672) to the effect that 'an heroic poet is not tied to a bare representation of what is true, or exceeding probable. . . . Neither am I much concerned at Mr. Cowley's verses before *Gondibert* (though his authority is almost sacred to me): 'tis true, he has resembled the epic poetry to a fantastic fairy-land: but he has contradicted himself by his own example. For he has himself made use of angels and visions in his *Dauides*' (*Essays*, ed. Ker, i, 153-4). See also 'A Digression concerning Music', ll. 12-28 (p. 37), and notes.

l. 8. Cowley justifies his use of Alexandrine verses here and elsewhere: 'it is not by *negligence* that this verse is so loose, long, and as it were, *Vast*; it is to paint in the number the nature of the thing which it describes.'

PAGE 36, l. 16. *an Eternal Now*. Cowley quotes the scholastic definition of eternity as 'Nunc stans', and that of Boethius, v. 6: '*Interminabilis vitae tota simul perfecta possessio*.'

l. 24. Cowley occasionally puts in a half-line, on the precedent of the *Aeneid*.

ll. 27-36. Cf. Hooker, *Ecclesiastical Polity*, i. 3: 'Now, if Nature should intermit her course', &c. Cowley's note cites Seneca, *Epist. Mor.* 58. 28: 'Manent enim cuncta, non quia aeterna sunt, sed quia defendentur curâ regentis . . .'

l. 38. *seven triumphant Generals*. Cowley refers in a note to the tradition from Tobit xii. 15: 'I am Raphael, one of the seven holy angels', &c.

PAGE 36. A DIGRESSION CONCERNING MUSIC. See note to p. xxvii, ll. 13-18 above. Mr. J. F. Kermode shows how largely Cowley has borrowed his ideas from Kircherus' *Musurgia Universalis sive Ars Magna Consoni et Dissoni* (1650). Cowley mentions this work in his notes but does not make clear the extent of his indebtedness.

PAGE 37, ll. 12-28. *So wild*, &c. See Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, i. 21 sqq., Genesis i. 2, and Milton, *Paradise Lost*, vii. 232-42.



Cowley adopts the orthodox belief that chaos was created by God as a first stage in the creation of the world; and follows tradition also in associating divine with poetic creativeness. See 'Ode. Of Wit', ll. 61-4, p. 13. Cowley's own note at this point in the *Davidens* begins as follows: 'I have seen an excellent saying of St. *Augustines*, cited to this purpose, *Ordinem saeculorum tanquam pulcherrimum Carmen ex quibusdam quasi antithetis honestavit Deus—sicut contraria contrariis opposita sermonis pulchritudinem reddunt, ita quādam non verborum sed rerum eloquentiā contrariorum oppositione saeculi pulchritudo componitur*. And the *Scripture* witnesses, that the World was made in *Number*, *Weight*, and *Measure*; which are all qualities of a good *Poem*. This order and proportion of things is the true *Musick* of the World, and not that which *Pythagoras*, *Plato*, *Tully*, *Macrob.* and many of the *Fathers* imagined, to arise audibly from the circumvolution of the *Heavens*.' The words of St. Augustine are from *De Civ. Dei*, xi. 18, but Cowley took all this learned-seeming material from Kircherus, book x.

ll. 17-18. *Water and Air*, &c. In associating musical pitch with the different elements Cowley again follows Kircherus.

ll. 19-20. *Moon . . . Saturn*. 'Because the *Moon* is but 28 days, and *Saturn* above 29 years in finishing his course' (Cowley's note). The notes of the diatonic scale were associated with the different planets.

l. 27. *Though no man hear't*. See note to ll. 12-28. Cf. Browne, *Religio Medici* (*Works*, ed. Keynes, i, p. 87): 'For there is a musick where ever there is a harmony, order, or proportion: and thus far we may maintain the musick of the Sphears.'

ll. 29-30. *Great World . . . Lesser*. 'There is so much to be said of this subject, that the best way is to say nothing of it. See at large *Kercherus* in his 10. Book *de Arte Consoni & Dissoni*' (Cowley's note). On this distinction of macrocosm and microcosm see, for instance, E. M. W. Tillyard, *The Elizabethan World Picture* (1943), pp. 84-7.

PAGE 38. PINDARIQUE ODES. On these see Sprat and Cowley, p. xxvi, 69, and 73-5, with notes ad loc.

THE PRAISE OF PINDAR. The 'imitation' of Horace does not go beyond l. 32 of *Odes*, IV. ii.

PAGE 39, l. 24. *Pisa*. In Elis, where the Olympic games were held.

PAGE 40. THE MUSE. l. 3. *strong Judgment*. See note to p. 11. *trace*. Harness in traces.

l. 12. *Sentences*. Sententiae, epigrammatic reflections.

l. 17. *put on*. Proceed, or hasten.

PAGE 41, ll. 30-5. *Whatever God did Say*. Cowley explains in a note his meaning that poetry not only tells of things that exist

but also goes beyond Nature. For the comparison of divine with poetic creation see note to p. 37, ll. 12-28.

l. 50. *Secondine*. 'The thin *Film* with which an *Infant* is covered in the *womb*, so called, because it *follows* the *Child*' (Cowley's note).

PAGE 42, l. 72. *half the Orb*. Eternity is a complete circle, with the present, as a diameter, dividing the past from the future; but Poetry, by its immortalizing power, makes the present extend over all the future half of eternity.

PAGE 42. TO MR. HOBBS. Thomas Hobbes (1588-1679) must have been known to Cowley during their contemporary sojourn in Paris. This ode may be compared with the later one 'To the Royal Society' (p. 54) as affording similar evidence of Cowley's enthusiasm for the spirit of scientific realism.

PAGE 43, l. 19. *Saw . . . slain*. 'Outlasted the *Grecian Empire*, which in the Visions of *Daniel*, is represented by a *Leopard* . . . Chap. 7, v. 6' (Cowley's note).

l. 22. *Mecha ut self*, &c. 'For *Aristotle's Philosophy* was in great esteem among the *Arabians* or *Saracens* . . . *In spite of Mahumet*: because his *Law* . . . forbids all the studies of *Learning*; which (nevertheless) flourished admirably under the *Saracen Monarchy* . . . *Mecha*, is the *Town* in *Arabia* where *Mahumet* was born' (Cowley's note).

PAGE 44, l. 70. *the shield*. Given to Aeneas. *Aeneid*, viii ad fin.

PAGE 45, ll. 86-9. *So Contraries*, &c. Cowley provides Latin parallels to this 'Description of the Neighbourhood of *Fire* and *Snow* upon *Ætna* (but not the application of it)'. See note to p. xl, ll. 10-11.

PAGE 45. DESTINIE. 'This *Ode* is written upon an extravagant supposition of two *Angels* playing a *Game* at *Chess*; which if they did, the spectators would have reason as much to believe, that the pieces moved themselves, as we can have for thinking the same of *Mankind* . . .' (Cowley's note).

(Heading). *Hoc quoque*, &c. Manilius, iv. 118.

ll. 8-11. *a proud Pawn*, &c. Cowley explains in a note how a pawn can rise to the exalted station of a queen.

PAGE 46, ll. 14-17. *the losing party*, &c. It has been supposed that Cowley is here covertly criticizing the mistakes made by the protagonists in the Royalist cause.

PAGE 47. THE RESURRECTION. 'This *Ode* is truly *Pindarical*, falling from one thing into another, after his *Enthusiastical manner* . . .' (Cowley's note).

PAGE 48, l. 9. *Pyramide*. Cf. Horace, *Odes*, III. xxx. 2.

ll. 19-22. *Till all*, &c. Cf. Dryden, 'A Song for St. Cecilia's Day' (1687), ll. 59-63.

ll. 26-7. *shall see in one Fire*, &c. 'Shall see the whole world

*burnt* to ashes like *Troy*. . . . The walls of *Troy* were said to be built by *Apollo* and *Neptune*' (Cowley's note).

l. 35. *five thousand years*. Cowley in a note refers to the 'traditional opinion' that the world was to last for six thousand years; he adopts 'five thousand' in the present context because he is not speaking of those who would be alive at the Last Day. 'The next *Perfect Number* (and *Verse* will admit of no *Broken ones*) was *Five Thousand*.'

PAGE 49, l. 50. *To Mountains*, &c. Hosea x. 8; Luke xxiii. 30; Revelation vi. 16.

l. 51. *The Mountains shake*. Habakkuk iii. 6; Nahum i. 5.

PAGE 50. HYMN. TO LIGHT. First published in *Verses*, 1663.

PAGE 51, l. 29. *Scythian-like*. Cowley refers to the Scythians' nomadic life.

PAGE 54, l. 98. *source*. Spring, fountain; the 'Stream' of l. 96.

ll. 99-100. *does make . . . Lake*. Makes Light a thick and standing lake of mingled colours. In a note on a passage towards the end of *Davideis*, ii, Cowley develops this theory that colours 'are nothing but the several mixtures of *Light* with *Darkness* in the superficies of opacous bodies; as for example, *Yellow* is the mixture of *Light* with a little darkness; *Green*, with a little more; *Red* with more yet. So that *Colours* are nothing but *Light* diversly reflected and shadowed.'

PAGE 54. TO THE ROYAL SOCIETY. This Society received its Royal Charter in 1662 and the occasion for this Ode was the appearance in 1667, the year of Cowley's death, of Thomas Sprat's *History of the Royal Society of London*, in which the Ode was first printed. It was probably Cowley's last poem. See the references to it in letters between Evelyn and Cowley (Evelyn, *Diary and Correspondence*, ed. Bray, 1902, iii, pp. 194-6).

l. 1. *Philosophy*. The regular word at the time for what we now call science; the usage survives in 'Natural Philosophy'.

PAGE 56, l. 63. *the Forbidden Tree*. Still the knowledge of good and evil, but the unreliable knowledge arrived at by logical method unaided by first-hand observation.

l. 72. *Like foolish Birds*. See 'Ode. Of Wit', l. 12, p. 11, and note.

PAGE 59, ll. 158-9. *blows of Ignorance . . . Envious Wit*. The reference is to such attacks as Butler's satire *The Elephant in the Moon*.

l. 171. *Th'Historian*. Sc. Thomas Sprat, who included in the *History* some now-famous remarks commending the plain style favoured by the Society's members in opposition to more expansive and figurative writing, 'this vicious abundance of phrase, this trick of metaphors, this volubility of tongue'.

PAGE 61. PREFACE TO POEMS 1656. Two short passages are here omitted.

l. 4. *The Iron Age*. *The Foure Ages of England: or the Iron Age*. With other select poems. Written by Mr. A. Cowley was published in 1648.

ll. 16-17. *no body . . . Merit*. The doctrine of justification by imputed righteousness (Rom. iv. 11) does not apply in the case of a man to whom another man's work, however meritorious, has been attributed.

ll. 29-33. *the publication . . . disavow them*. Cowley refers to *The Mistress*, as published in 1647, and *The Guardian*, as published in 1650. He goes on to say that he had revised this play, had lost the revision, and anyhow did not think it worthy of present publication. Afterwards he revised it again and published it as *Cutter of Coleman Street* (1663).

PAGE 62, ll. 22-4. *Stattius . . . virtus*. Tydeus was one of the 'seven against Thebes' and the words quoted from Statius' *Thebais*, i, are in ll. 416-17.

PAGE 63, l. 8. *Charls the Fifth*. Emperor of Germany, 1519-56 (d. 1558). In 1557 he retired to a monastery in Spain, where he was said to have rehearsed his own funeral.

ll. 11-16. *my resolution . . . life*. Cowley did not maintain this resolution but continued to write in verse from time to time up to the year of his death.

l. 17. *Infants*. Persons under legal age.

ll. 24-5. *their opinion . . . perennius*. Their belief that they have produced works of lasting fame. Horace, *Odes*, III. xxx.

l. 26. *a fantastical kind of Reversion*. An imaginary benefit not conferred on us while we live, but reverting to us thereafter.

PAGE 64, l. 1. *cold Clymate*. It was a common belief in the seventeenth century, related to a notion expressed in Aristotle's *Politics*, VII. vii, that the cold northern climates were unfavourable to intellectual and artistic proficiency. Cf. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, ix. 44-5, and Pope, *Essay on Criticism*, ii. 398-401; and see Z. S. Fink, *The Classical Republicans* (1945), pp. 91 sqq.

ll. 5-9. *Tully . . . Reipublicae*. The quotation is from Cicero's *Brutus*, sive *De Claris Oratoribus*, 97.

l. 23. *Quem nec Jovis ira, &c.* Ovid, *Metam.* xv. 871.

l. 29. *In vultu, &c.* Ibid. vi. 304-5, 310.

PAGE 65, l. 8. *Quisquis erit, &c.* Horace, *Satires*, II. i. 60.

l. 10. *Vixi Camænis*. Hor., *Odes*, III. xxvi. 1-2 ('Vixi puellis').

ll. 22-3. *Improbis extremos, &c.* Altered from Horace, *Epistles* I. i. 45-6.

l. 28. *Oblitusque meorum, &c.* Horace, *Epistles*, I. xi. 9.

l. 29. *my former Author*. Cf. Ovid, *Ex Ponto*, III. vii. 19 sqq.

l. 31. *Doctor Donnes Sun Dyal*. See Donne, 'The Will', 50-1:

And all your graces no more use shall have  
Then a Sun dyall in a grave.

PAGE 66, l. 6. *Tanti est*, &c. See Martial, VIII. lxix. 3-4 ('non est').

l. 33. *Unsolvable*. Insolvent.

PAGE 67, ll. 4-5. *three Books of the Civil War . . . Newbury*. It is not quite certain, though highly probable, that part of this work is preserved in *A Poem on the late Civil War*, published as Cowley's from a manuscript in 1679.

ll. 6-35. *for it is so uncustomary . . . they deserved*. This is the passage which Sprat tries to explain in his *Account* (see p. xx, ll. 9 sqq. and note thereto), and which so greatly harmed Cowley's standing among members of the Royalist party. It certainly suggests a throwing up of the sponge and it is not surprising that Cowley later had much ado to regain the King's good opinion. It is not the only indication in Cowley's volume of 1656 that he was for a time inclined to make the best of the situation, for some of the verse can easily be interpreted in a similar way. See Nethercot, pp. 150-5.

l. 25. *Themistocles . . . Oblivion*. Cicero, *De Finibus*, II. xxxii. 104.

PAGE 68, l. 7. *no extraordinary virtue in them*. Cowley seems unduly deprecating about the poems headed *Miscellanies* in the volume of 1656; and if, as would appear, he thought on the whole more highly of the *Pindaric Odes* and *Davideis* his judgement has not been confirmed in more recent times.

l. 11. *The Mistress*. First published in 1647, without Cowley's authority. See p. 61, ll. 29-33 and note.

l. 18. *In furias*, &c. Virgil, *Georgics*, iii. 244.

l. 21. *Beza . . . Sonnets*. The French theologian of the sixteenth century, who regretted and tried to suppress his *Juvenilia* (1548). As often, 'sonnet' here means 'song' or 'lyric'.

ll. 22-4. *It is not in this sense*, &c. Much was made in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries of supposed resemblances between painting and poetry, with some reference to the phrase in Horace's *Ars Poetica*, 'Ut pictura poesis' (l. 361). Cowley's suggested interpretation of the doctrine is not, however, supported by what Horace says.

l. 28. *Feret & rubus*, &c. Virgil, *Eclogues*, iii. 89 ('ferat').

PAGE 69, l. 11. *Pindarick Odes*. See the remarks of Sprat, p. xxvi, and notes thereto; also pp. 73-5 above.

l. 16. *Dion. Halicarnasseus*. From *De Imitatione*, II. ii. 8: Ἀλκαίου δὲ σκόπει τὸ μεγαλοφύες καὶ βραχύ, καὶ ἡδὺ μετὰ δεινότητος: 'Alcaei vero considera magnificentiam, brevitatem, ac suavitatem, acrimonia et gravitate conditam'.

l. 22. *Numbers*. Metrical lines.

l. 26. *Numerosity*. Rhythmical effect or quality.

l. 30. *The Resurrection*. See the ode so named, p. 49, 52-64.

ll. 31-2. *easy to be composed . . . otherwise*. Cf. Johnson's remarks on Pindaric ode-writing to which Cowley's example gave rise: 'This lax and lawless versification so much concealed the deficiencies of the barren and flattered the laziness of the idle, that it immediately overspread our books of poetry; all the boys and girls caught the pleasing fashion, and they that could do nothing else could write like Pindar' (*Life of Cowley*, 142).

ll. 33-5. *Vt sibi quisvis*, &c. Horace, *Ars Poetica*, 240-3 ('sudet multum').

PAGE 70, l. 1. *Davideis*. See note to p. 33. In the passage following this sentence, and here omitted, Cowley describes the plan of this poem.

PAGE 72, l. 29. *Mr. Quarles*. Francis Quarles (1592-1644), although chiefly remembered for his *Emblems* (1635), wrote also a number of narrative poems on scriptural subjects, e.g. *Job Militant* (1624), *Historie of Samson* (1631).

l. 30. *Mr. Heywood of Angels*. *The Hierarchie of the blessed Angells* (1635), by Thomas Heywood (c. 1575-1641).

PAGE 73, ll. 12-13. *some other persons . . . successfully*. The supreme example was to be provided in 1667 by Milton.

PAGE 73. PREFACE TO PINDARIQUE ODES. In the volume of *Poems*, 1656. See also Cowley's remarks in his general Preface (p. 69) and those of Sprat (p. xxvi).

ll. 17-18. *Traduction . . . Prose*. There is a pun here as traduction meant both translation and betrayal. Pindar is translated into Latin prose in, for instance, the edition by Benedictus of 1620.

l. 20. *quod nequeo*, &c. Juvenal, vii. 56 ('qualem nequeo').

ll. 21-7. *We must consider . . . distance*. This passage may have influenced Pope in his *Essay on Criticism*, i. 118-21. An early instance of the 'historical' spirit in English literary criticism.

PAGE 74, l. 28. *Imitating*. Dryden preferred the middle way between this and a word-for-word rendering. See his Preface to *Ovid's Epistles* (1680), where he discusses Cowley's theory and practice.

l. 34. *Hebrews of Buxtorfius's making*. Those who become learned in Hebrew with the assistance of modern scholars like Buxtorfius, father and son, without arriving at a true appreciation of Hebrew literature.

PAGE 75, l. 1. *Mr. Sands*. George Sandys's *Paraphrase upon the Psalmes* appeared in 1636.

l. 7. *Shimei*. 2 Samuel xvi. 5-13.

l. 7. *Bucanan*. George Buchanan's *Psalmorum Paraphrasis Poetica* was first published in 1566.

ll. 10-11. *left out, and added what I please*. This procedure,

Dryden observes (op. cit.), 'ought only to be granted to Mr. Cowley' because of the mischief which may arise 'when writers of unequal parts to him shall imitate so bold an undertaking'.

l. 16. *Pancirollus*. Guido Panciroli, whose *Rerum Memorabilium iam olim Deperditarum* appeared in 1599.

PAGE 75. A PROPOSITION, &c. This pamphlet was published in 1661, having apparently been already discussed by the promoters of the Royal Society, which was to be finally instituted in the following year. The spirit of the Society is well forecast in Cowley's 'Conclusion'; but Cowley's design of a College of Science, with a School attached, which he had sketched in the preceding pages, did not call forth the 'Publick Generosity' which he saw would be needed.

PAGE 77. ESSAYS. On these see Sprat's *Account*, p. xxx, l. 35-p. xxxi, l. 13. The full title given in the *Works* (1668) is *Several Discourses by way of Essays, in Verse and Prose*. Some of the verse including translations from Virgil, Horace, Claudian, and Martial, had been published before, chiefly in *Verses upon Several Occasions* (1663). The longer passages of verse, placed at the ends of the essays, have, except for two pieces, been omitted from the present volume. There were altogether eleven essays, of which seven are represented here. All the eleven were probably the work of Cowley's post-Restoration years, when he was enjoying a life of studious ease and reflection in his rural retirement. The chief post-classical influence is that of Montaigne.

PAGE 77. OF SOLITUDE. l. 1. *Nunquam . . . solus*. Cicero, *De Re Publica*, i. 17.

l. 13. *Linternum*. Usually 'Liternum'; Scipio's birthplace.

l. 24. *Montagne*. *Essays*, i. xxxviii ('Of Solitarinesse', in Florio's translation).

PAGE 78, ll. 6-7. *Tecum vivere*, &c. Horace, *Odes*, III. ix. 24.

ll. 9-12. *Sic ego secretis*, &c. Tibullus, III. xix. 9-12.

ll. 22-3. *Odi & Amo*, &c. Catullus, lxxxv ('quare').

l. 30. *a Fop*. A fool.

PAGE 79, l. 27. *O vita*, &c. Publilius Syrus, *Sententiae*, 485: 'O vita misero longa, felici brevis.'

PAGE 80, l. 25-6. *O quis*, &c. Virgil, *Georgics*, ii. 488-9 ('O qui me gelidis convallibus etc.').

PAGE 80. OF OBSCURITY. ll. 27-8. *Nam neque*, &c. Horace, *Epistles*, i. xvii. 9-10.

PAGE 81, l. 1. *literally*. 'Fefellit' here means 'avoided notice', which, as Cowley explains, is the intended sense of his ambiguous phrase 'the world deceiv'd'. (See *O.E.D.* art. 'Deceive'.)

l. 7. *Secretum iter*, &c. Horace, *Epistles*, i. xviii. 103.

l. 10. *Mr. Broom*. Alexander Brome published in 1666 a

volume of Horace translated into English verse by Brome and others, including Cowley.

ll. 16-17. *Sometimes with sleep*, &c. Horace, *Satires*, II. vii. 114.

l. 19. *Quintilian*. Probably not in fact the author of the *Declamations* here (footnote) attributed to him. *De Apibus Pauperis*, xiii. 2: '... et dum molesta lege naturae transiret aetas, vitam fallere.'

l. 20. *amuse*. Delude.

l. 23. *Bene qui latuit*, &c. Ovid, *Tristia*, III. iv. 25.

PAGE 82, ll. 3-4. *A veil*, &c. Virgil, *Aeneid*, i. 411-14.

ll. 5-7. *The common story*, &c. Cicero, *Tusc. Disp.* v. xxxvi.

103.

l. 6. *Tanker-woman*. Water-carrier.

ll. 17-23. *Metrodorus*, &c. Seneca, *Epist. Mor.* lxxix. 15.

l. 28. *Quotidian Ague*. A daily attack.

l. 33-PAGE 83, l. 1. *Every creature ... Art*. Everything made, whether by Nature or by Art, has it.

ll. 3-7. *Incitatus*, &c. It is told of Caligula, not Domitian, that he thought of conferring the Consulship on his horse Incitatus. See Dio, LIX. xiv. 7.

ll. 29-31. *Augustus*, &c. Suetonius, *Augustus*, 99.

PAGE 84. THE GARDEN. To J. Evelyn Esquire. Evelyn (1620-1706) had dedicated to Cowley the second edition (1666) of *Kalendarium Hortense, or The Gardener's Almanac*, and Cowley writes this essay, or letter, to express his gratitude.

l. 11. *Studius*, &c. Virgil, *Georgics*, iv. 564 ('florentem').

l. 18. *a hired House*. See note to p. xxii, ll. 5-7. Cowley had moved from Barn Elms to Chertsey in 1665, but there had had some initial troubles. These are described by him in a letter to Sprat, given in Johnson's *Life*. For the circumstances in which he held this property see Nethercot, pp. 244-9.

ll. 27-30. *That though ... by the By*. Cowley recalls Donne's 'Loves Alchymie', ll. 7-10:

And as no chymique yet th'Elixir got,

But glorifies his pregnant pot,

If by the way to him befall

Some odoriferous thing, or medicinall. . . .

l. 29. *affections*. Inclinations.

PAGE 85, l. 13: *that Book*. Not identifiable with any of Evelyn's known works and evidently not, as has been suggested, *The Compleat Gard'ner* (1693), which was largely a translation of a French work not published until 1690.

PAGE 85. OF GREATNESS. ll. 1-3. *Since ... Jest*. Montaigne, *Essays*, III. vii ('Of the Incommoditie of Greatnesse'). Cowley's words resemble Florio's translation: 'Since we cannot



attaine unto it, let us revenge our selves with railing against it.'

l. 32. *convinced*. Convicted.

PAGE 86, l. 13. *like Horace*. In *Satires*, I. iv. 17-18.

l. 21. *Bona Roba*. O.E.D. cites Florio: 'as we say good stuffe, that is a good wholesome plum-cheeked wench'.

l. 24. *Parvula*, &c. Lucretius, iv. 1162.

l. 26. *Senecio*. Described by Seneca in *Suasoriae*, ii.

PAGE 87, l. 6. *Chiopins*. High-heeled shoes.

PAGE 88, ll. 2-3. *One of the most powerful Princes*. Louis XIII.

ll. 9-12. *one of them . . . Flies*. Suetonius, *Domitian*, 3.

l. 13. *Beelzebub*. Lord of flies. Cowley himself explains this title in his Note 18 to *Davideis*, i.

ll. 27-9. *so shameful . . . manner*. Suetonius, *Nero*, 49.

l. 32-PAGE 89, l. 3. *Augustus*, &c. Suetonius, *Augustus*, 83.

l. 23. *several*. Different.

l. 32. *both conditions*. Poor or rich.

PAGE 90, ll. 14-15. *Sed quantum*, &c. Virgil, *Georgics*, ii. 291-2.

l. 23. *Mancipus*, &c. Horace, *Epistles*, I. vi. 39.

PAGE, 91, l. 8. *Solomon*. Eccles. v. 11.

l. 10. *Ocnus*. Pausanias, x. 29. 2.

l. 28. *A famous person*. Oliver Cromwell.

l. 34. *is believed*. With a credulity easy to the Royalists.

PAGE 92, l. 10. *St. Paul*. I Cor. viii. 4.

ll. 18-19. *choose rather*, &c. Plutarch, *Caesar*, xi.

l. 30. *an Ode of Horace*. The 'imitation' that follows is of Ode i in Book III.

PAGE 93. THE DANGERS OF AN HONEST MAN IN MUCH COMPANY. l. 29. *Toupinambaltians*. For what he says about this northern Brazilian tribe Cowley is indebted to Jean de Léry, whose *Historia Navigationis in Brasiliam*, translated from the French original of 1578, was published in 1586. For the sentiment cf. Montaigne, I. xxx, 'Of the Caniballes'.

PAGE 94, l. 15. *from this Topick*. On this basis.

ll. 25-30. *Rome . . . Brother*. Livy, i. 7-8.

l. 31. *the first Town*. Genesis iv. 17.

PAGE 95, l. 8. *at all pieces*. At all points.

l. 22. *Quid Romae*, &c. Juvenal, iii. 41.

l. 28. *Martial*. *Epigrams*, IV. v.

PAGE 96, ll. 12-14. *Lucretius*. *De Rerum Natura*, ii. 1-2.

PAGE 97, l. 2-3. *Ut nec facta*. Altered from Cicero, *Ad Fam.* vii. xxx. 1.

ll. 7-8. *Qua terra*, &c. Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, i. 241-2.

l. 11. *sold themselves to Sin*. 2 Kings xvii. 17.

l. 18. *the Banks of Lignon*. The scene of d'Urfé's *Astrée* (1608-24).

l. 21. *Chertsea*. See note to p. 84, l. 18.

PAGE 98. THE DANGER OF PROCRASTINATION. (Heading) *Mr. S. L. Unidentified.*

l. 15. *Ærugo mera.* Horace, *Satires*, I. iv. 101.

ll. 21-2. *Cum dignitate otium.* Cicero uses this proverbial phrase several times, e.g. in *De Oratore* I. 1.

PAGE 99, ll. 1-9. *Epicurus . . . desires.* As related by Seneca, *Epist. Mor.* xxi. 7.

ll. 22-3. *Utere velis*, &c. Juvenal, I. 149-50.

l. 25. *Band.* Collar.

l. 32. *Horace's advice.* Cowley quotes *Epistles*, I. ii. 40-3, inexactly.

PAGE 100, l. 1. *Varro. De Re Rustica*, I. ii. 2.

ll. 12-16. *Caesar*, &c. Suetonius, *Julius*, 57.

ll. 26-7. *Jam Cras*, &c. Persius, *Satires*, v. 68-9.

PAGE 101, l. 3. *Triary.* Reserves; from *triarii*, third-rank soldiers.

PAGE 102. OF MY SELF. l. 8. *dispensed with me.* Let me off.

l. 12. *an Ode.* The whole poem was published in *Sylva*, 1636.

PAGE 103, l. 10. *Horace.* From *Odes*, III. xxix. 41-5.

l. 29. *irremediably.* Altered in list of Errata (*Works*, 1668) to 'immediately', which is hardly an improvement.

PAGE 104, ll. 1-2. *Cedars . . . Hyssop.* I Kings iv. 33. Cowley employs the same imagery, with hyssop signifying lowliness, in his letter to Dr. Busby, p. 107, l. 10.

l. 4. *one of the best Persons.* Jermyn. See note to p. xvii.

ll. 30-1. *Well then*, &c. See 'The Wish', p. 27.

PAGE 105, ll. 6-9. See above, pp. 46-7, ll. 41-4.

l. 12. *A Corps Perdu.* Precipitately.

ll. 13-14. *God laughs . . . ease.* Luke xii. 16-21.

l. 16. *sickness.* See Sprat, p. xxxvii, ll. 2-5.

ll. 18-19. *Non ego perfidum*, &c. Horace, *Odes*, II. xvii. 9-10.

ll. 23-5. *Nec vos*, &c. Unidentified.

PAGE 106, l. 19. *Ana.* The term used in prescriptions, meaning here 'equal quantities'.

PAGE 107. LETTER TO DR. BUSBY. Text from the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. lvii (1787), p. 847, where it was first published. Busby was headmaster of Cowley's school, Westminster, 1638-95.

Cowley would probably not object to the use of this letter as a sort of 'Envoy' to the present volume. His words of apology are, however, more appropriate to those parts of the volume which are not his but the editor's.



















